

Vol. 36 No. 6

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The SILENT WORKER



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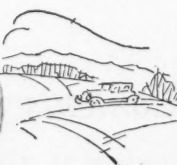
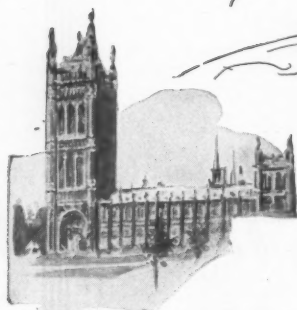
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THE SILENT WORKER
Trenton, N. J.

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The Silent Worker

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine For, By and About the Deaf of the English-Reading World

Volume 36, No. 6

Trenton, N. J., March, 1924

25 cents a Copy



A. L. PACH PHOTO.

REV. JOHN HENRY KENT, M.A.
Vicar of St. Ann's Church, New York City. Probably the youngest and most popular of our deaf
clergymen. A fine sign-maker and a splendid mixer.

THE SILENT WORKER

CHEFOO, CHINA

*Report of the School for the Deaf at Chefoo
For the Year of 1923*



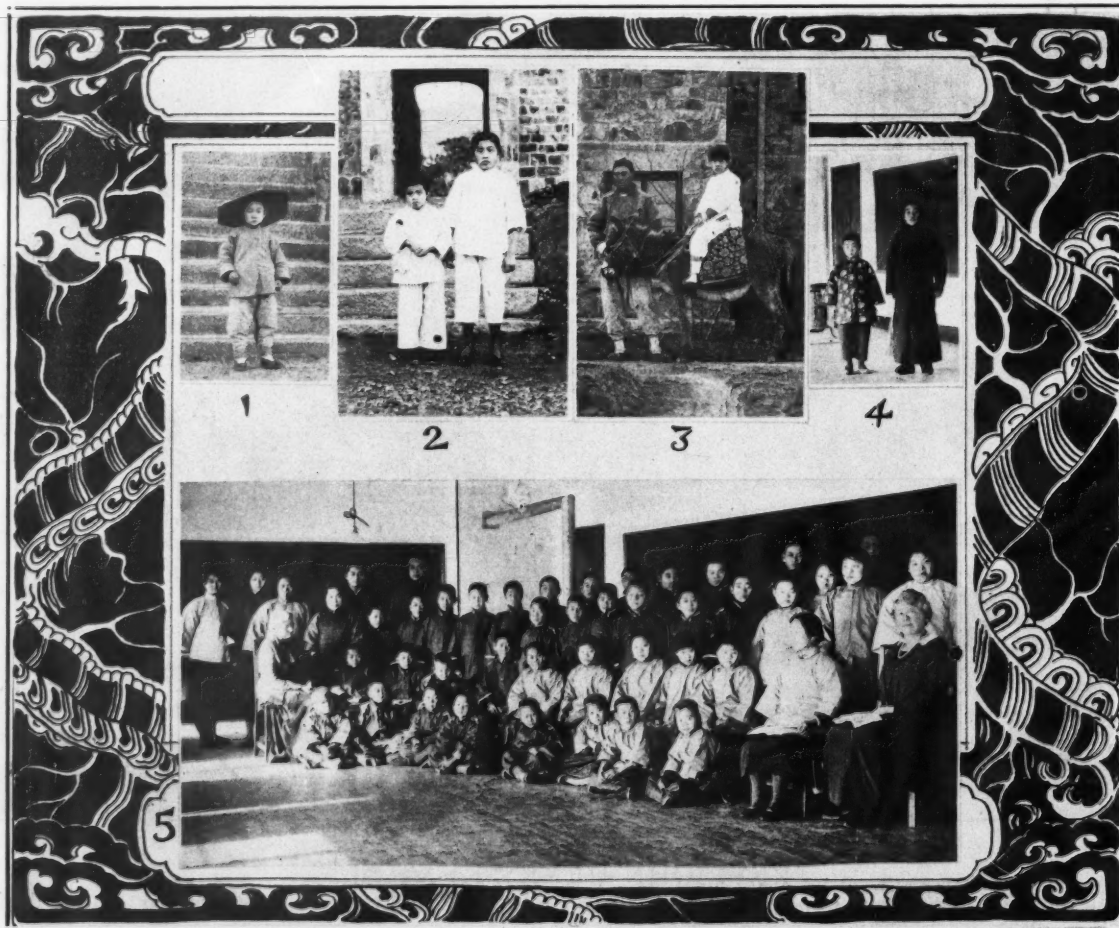
NOTHER year has passed in which the school for the Deaf can report steady progress in all departments. There have been the usual discouragements, which are incident to building up a work of this kind in a land where schools for hearing children are too few, and those for the deaf almost unheard of. However, the difficulties have served to stimulate our efforts to "make good;" and we rejoice in the efficient and whole-hearted service of the teachers and helpers, and in the unusually good health of the pupils, which has helped so much toward progress.

OUR TEACHERS

Great praise is due Mrs. Lan, who has spent fourteen of the best years of her life, in helping to make the school a success. Everyone trusts her and we all go to her for advice in solving our problems. Mrs. Lan has had charge of the class-room work as well as the home life of the girls and little children, the past year. This has relieved the foreigner for general supervision. The two men teachers, Mr. Ning Dzi Hin and Mr.

Tsei Li Ting, have completed their second year of service. Miss Li Djin Yu is proving to be a good teacher, but there are rumors of an old lady who is looking for a daughter-in-law, so we try not to count on having her with us very long. One of the two women teachers secured to take the places of the two who left, in 1922, because of ill health, resigned at the Chinese New Year. Soon afterwards we learned of her marriage to a widower with several children. A capable bright, young woman who came to teach drawing and train as a teacher of the deaf, proved to be tubercular and was obliged to leave at the end of two months. Fortunately a young married woman was found who could help out until the end of the school year. In September Miss Wang Su Ching and Mrs. Wen Shin Deh joined the teaching staff. Miss Wang is having her first experience as a teacher, but Mrs. Wen has taught hearing children several years with much success. Both these women are graduates of Mission Schools and come to us highly recommended. Again we are fortunate in securing such capable teachers.

A welcome addition to our staff of helpers this year is a



1. Arriving at school under his father's hat. 2. Sisters, motherless girls from Shanghai. 3. A new pupil arriving at school. 4. Brother and sister. 5. Group of teachers and pupils. Seated: Mrs. Mills at the left of picture, Miss Carter at the right with Mrs. Lan next. Li Ying Tswen stands behind Miss Carter.

genial little man who teaches basket weaving two hours a day. His equipment consists of three knives, in different sizes, and plenty of green bamboo poles which he cleverly splits while the boys weave the strips into baskets. A variety of shapes and sizes have been produced. Baskets are now in common use, from kitchen to class rooms, and used to bring home the sea food which the children dig out of the sand, or find on the rocks when the tide is out.

The boys who work in the carpenter shop have had a share in making the furniture for the new buildings and in the repairs around the place. Under the direction of the carpenter, three of the older boys painted all the woodwork on the Girls' School. This was a great saving in money as well as giving the boys the experience in painting.

OUR PUPILS.

During the year forty-six pupils were enrolled,—thirty-two boys and fourteen girls. Ten new admissions covered the vacancies made by eight children who did not return in the autumn. The grandmother of one girl would not allow her to unbind her feet so she was kept at home. A boy of fourteen who had been in school only five years was kept at home to be married. Three of the older boys were taken out of school to begin earning their own living. Two big girls did not return as their help was needed in caring for the younger members of their families. The youngest child was reported to have learned so much in one year that his family think he can now attend a school for hearing children!

Although it is hard for us to have the children taken out of a school before they have finished the course and can receive a certificate to that effect, it is harder on them. We long for the time when there will be laws against "child-labor" in this land, and when all deaf children will be allowed the time for an education.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

On the third of September we opened school in the new recitation hall. It is a fine building which suits our needs very well indeed. Several friends who have visited the school were very enthusiastic and exclaimed, when going through the buildings, "Well! this is like a home school!" Although the building was planned to get all the sunshine that a winter's day brings to Chefoo, we should be more comfortable if we had a central heating plant. The small stoves which we have in each room are better than nothing, but it is neither economical nor satisfactory way to heat a school in the severe cold weather of a North China winter.

More than eighty Chinese women and girls visited the school by invitation during the year. Their visits should have some effect on the number of new pupils admitted this coming year.

Many letters and reports have been sent out which will make the work and its needs better known, both in China and in the home-lands. It is worthy of note that more than twenty letters asking for a copy of our rules and regulations have been received in the last few months.

Occasionally a deaf child is brought to us with a note from the ear specialist at the Temple Hill Hospital. One day we spent two hours trying to persuade the father of a little boy to leave the child at the school. One of his excuses was "I must consult his grandmother and my older brother before I can do that." At last he admitted that he was eager to see a necromancer, although one had failed to restore the child's hearing, before he decided the school question. The opposite of this man was an official who brought his wife and little deaf girl three years old to see the school. When some of the deaf children began to recite their lessons the joy of our guests was very great, and they said, "Now we have hope that our

child will learn to speak." We gladly promised to take the little girl when she is five years old.

Relatives of deaf children often come to enquire on what terms we will admit a girl or boy. Sometimes the children are beyond school age. Three were hopeless imbeciles. Others plan to come, but when everything is settled, even to securing a doctor's certificate of health, fond grandparents discover that it will not be possible for them to be parted from their loved ones. In every case we require the relatives of a pupil to pay all they can towards the food and tuition, but we try not to turn away a deserving applicant for lack of funds on their side.

One Sunday in October, we took Mrs. Lan and one of the younger deaf girls into the country to visit the home of a deaf girl whom we had heard of through the Mission evangelist. The child was living with her grandparents and helping to support herself by doing embroidery on pongee tablecovers. We explained to the family many of the reasons for sending the girl to school, and gave a demonstration of what our little pupil had learned; but it did not make much impression on the grandfather. The grandmother was willing to send the child to school but her husband was not willing to be separated from the little girl. As he was an able bodied man, not more than fifty years old, we were surprised to learn that he had no work and that gave us the idea of offering him work at the school for a few weeks if he would bring his granddaughter with him. At first he was not willing, but after we had won the grandmother's consent, it was easy to make arrangements which resulted in the hiring of a donkey, a few days later, to bring the little girl to school.



ONE STAFF OF HELPERS

Left to right, seated—Serving woman, matron. Standing Pumpman, Laundryman, Supervisor of the boys, Steward, Gardener, Carpenter, Watchman, Caretaker, Carpenter's Assistant, Coolie.

SPECIAL GIFTS

If the givers of special gifts and treats could see the joy which the smallest gifts give our pupils, especially the little ones, they would need no other thanks. It was difficult for us at times to keep the tears back when we see how intent their eyes watch the distribution, and how eager the little hands reach out for their share of fruit or sweets.

A box of dressed dolls, from the Womens' Missionary Society of Mts. Hor Church and Hillside Home for girls, in Rochester, N. Y., made little hearts which never owned a doll before most happy. Another box containing handkerchiefs, lead-pencils, books, post-cards, calendars and toys, from Class "T" Bethany Sunday School, Philadelphia, provided a gift for each member of our big family. A similar box received last year from the Womens' Missionary Society of North Church, Rochester, N. Y., seemed to meet the needs of big and little folks. Two gifts of money, judiciously spent, added to the joys of Christmas.

Another special gift of money purchased a big, yellow persimmon for each one of our boys and girls on the day we celebrated the "Harvest Home Festival."

The biggest gift of all is the five tons of Kaiping coal which has come from the Yee Tai Coal Co. two winters in succession; a gift which has warmed our hearts as well as our bodies.

There are other gifts which have special significance and which we value highly, especially those which have meant self-denial on part of the giver. To everyone we say "THANK YOU," and it comes from the heart.

FORMER PUPILS

The good reports that come from time to time of the boys and girls who left us to make their own place in the world cheers us. Three girls are teaching in schools for the deaf, and three others are teaching embroidery to hearing women. Six girls are happily married; one of them to Tsei Tien Fu, a graduate of this school who opened a school for the deaf in Hangchow. Thirteen boys are working in Shanghai and most of them are supporting a family. Others are living at home and doing their share of work in the great struggle for daily bread.

One of the eleven boys who left here to continue their education elsewhere was Hsia Ziao Fang. After graduating at The Rochester School for the Deaf, he took a course in Mechanic's Institute and is now returning to his native land to study the Chinese language and teach in a school for the deaf.

Our records show that eight of the one hundred and three boys who have been pupils in this school have died during

the past few years. The last to go was Fu Ming Djao, who had to leave his work at the Commercial Press in Shanghai last year because of illness. We shall always think of him as he was when in school,—a bright, clean, happy boy who loved work almost as well as he did play.

The lives of one hundred and forty-six children have been made happier by the time spent in school. It is especially gratifying to be able to report that nearly all of the pupils who have been in school long enough to acquire the language necessary to read the Gospel Story have accepted Christ as their Saviour.

HOW WE ARE ABLE TO CARRY ON THE WORK

Last year the Chinese paid, in fees and gifts, about one-fifth of the running expenses of the school. The Presbyterian Board's appropriation covered one-third of our total expenditures, and the gifts from the deaf and their friends in Christian lands met the balance. We continue to look to them for a similar amount this coming year; and to the "Giver of All" for the blessings which we desire for the deaf children of China.

We acknowledge with pleasure the following school papers which have been received and which helped to keep us in touch with the work in homelands:

The Annals, The Austine Institution News, The British Deaf Times, The Canadian, The Deaf-Mutes' Journal, The New Era, The Kansas Star, The Maryland Bulletin, The Mt. Airy World, The Nebraska Journal, The Optimist, The Register, The Rochester Advocate, THE SILENT WORKER, New Jersey; The Silent Herald, Chicago; The Utah Eagle, The Virginia Guide and Il Sordo, Italy.

The Story of Mary Jane: or The Power of Little Things

By HODMAN



THE STORY of MARY JANE HUTCHINS may interest readers of the SILENT WORKER and at the same time bring out a salient point in our far flung work, viz: the great need for always doing "the difficult simple thing" and taking every opportunity however small it may seem.

Mary Jane Hutchins was like Helen Keller and Laura Bridgeman deaf-blind and like them she has risen above her disability.

No one could have had less opportunity or have risen to the occasion better, living as she did in a lonely Work House far off from London in a small side tracked country town; this plucky old woman read in a Braille book of the need of helping Christian work oversea. But what could she do shut off from her fellows in a dark, dreary, silent, soundless world.

"Nothing," most people would reply.

Not so Mary Jane. People gave her a cent here and a cent there and these cents made one dollar, approximately five shillings and five shillings was the sum she sent to a good London Padre who needed an opportunity to start a fund for training future Missionaries.

The old lady's five shillings and others hit the nail right there and to-day many workers have been trained and approximately 250,000 dollars have been raised.

Mary Jane was given an annuity and went to a Deaf-Blind Home where she has just died, so the mail reveals in its bi-weekly batch of press cuttings which came to-day.

Mary Jane may be dead but her spirit lives evermore.



"MARY JANE," a blind and deaf Twerton workhouse inmate, whose 5 s., saved from little presents, started the S. P. G. Candidates Five Shilling Fund, now five thousand pounds (\$20,000). She has just died.

This reminds us of other small incidents that have led to big results.

In Yorkshire there is a small village of less than 1,000 people with its tiny school, yet in 50 years no less than 27 of our best



MISS FURZDON, who by looking after the deaf and dumb boys in 1836, started by the deaf school.

known English deaf missionaries and deaf and blind school headmasters have passed through it and made good and been of noted value in this work.

Ten years ago the writer put up a bill asking for volunteers for deaf work in an Oxford Club. One man responded—to-day that man is an ordained priest and one of our most valued deaf workers.

In 1917 we held a van meeting in a wee country village to a small gathering of under twenty people. The chairman was a South Africa padre and four years later we met him again by accident and he remembered his allegiance to the Guild of St. John of Beverley and this put us in touch with the Archbishop of Cape Town, and as a result of our interview with that Dignitary we were given leave to preach all over South Africa and as a result two years later (1923) the first Chaplain is at work in Cape Town.

Last Sunday, we had a lady friend to tea. We asked her to do one of those very "difficult simple things:" take a guild calendar to one of our friends, a well known London padre. She did her bit and within twenty-four hours we were invited to interview him, which we did at once, with the result that a most important lecture was fixed up in his very prominent city church, in the city of London, and at his house his rooms were put at our disposal for deaf work and our guild work was specially noted in his parish and other parts, all the result of a person doing her job (it is still only Thursday as we write this.) Two or three years ago we spoke at a London meeting, assisted by the young son of one our most respected and honored deaf missionaries. The young lad took his chance and later we were preaching in a London church where John Townsend had first started the old Kent Road School. With us in the pulpit was the great grandson of that pioneer of deaf education in England.

This gentleman was a leading member of one of our best known missionaries who was in need of a deaf worker. We told him of our young friend. A wire was sent and he was able to meet us that day. He got the job and to-day he has a Brotherhood of over 4,000 men at our naval port, Portsmouth, to link on the male deaf and give all the local deaf the use of a splendid institute recently given for the use of the blind, with



The formation of the old Kent Road School, 1792, by these four people in 100 years has produced over 50 schools in the United Kingdom.

the result that a great new experiment unique of its kind was inaugurated and the deaf of that part received proper recognition and their needs were met and understood.

It was meeting a Deaf mission padre in the train ten years ago that led to our taking up this work. Another railway interview with some cattle dealers found us one of our best



N.B. May 7th. Please remember the Guild in some way on May 7th. St. John of Beverley's Day. It is to commemorate this Festival that the Members of the Guild meet at Beverley Minster and at St. John of Beverley's Church for the Deaf in North London, on the Saturday nearest to St. John of Beverley's Day (May 7th).

THE Guild of St. John of Beverley was formed at Hull in 1896, was extended to London and the South in 1915, and became international in 1917. It now has upwards of 10,000 Members and Associates on its roll in all parts of the world, all pledged to help the Deaf as opportunity occurs. The Guild is free, so that there are no restrictions as to how this help shall be given.

MAY, 1923

Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

New Moon, 15th.
Full Moon, 29th.

The calendar idea arose from attending a meeting and it has already produced letters from Foreign Souvenir hunters.

van pitchers, while yet another interview in a railway carriage with a Salvation Army officer, led to our taking our two most successful trips to Norway and Denmark where the Salvation folk made the whole difference to us twixt failure and success and helped in every possible way. Reading a circular as we drove through a small country village found us out an old friend and thus secured us an useful lecture, a few weeks later, that same friend having been interested in a train journey about two years before.

A chance word with a lady guest at luncheon secured her service as librarian in our guild library.

A casual inspection of a magazine in a shop window the other side of Fleet street, London, led to the inclusion of our pageant episode about the start of the Old Kent Road Deaf School in a very big London pageant, which was attended by Royalty. This led to our seeing the organizer of the whole affair. The whole of the photographic work of the pageant was done by the deaf and later we were invited to the Headquarters

of a girls' club which had done a lot of acting in the pageant, and there we heard of a deaf lady who wanted to find her niche in life and was very fed up with it all.

Today the same lady is one of our most valued South London deaf workers, and all this from reading a paper called "The Road," which was not about hedges but young girls, and we read it instead of throwing it away in disgust, as some might when they saw they had the wrong paper. But that is not our way. Our plan is to look at all, however unlikely the material may seem, and see if therein lurks the hidden opportunity and it is surprising how often the golden nugget is found.

All this article has originated from a 20-line newspaper cutting which some of our friends have told us waste our time and load up our house; but we say go ahead and despise not the little difficult simple things for they are the ones that will tell in the end and it is the same with the deaf. If they will but take their opportunities, and if this articles enables them to do that it will not have been penned in vain.

Sketch of the Life of Our Chinese Student

(From the Rochester Advocate)



UESDAY, October 23rd, Ziao Fong Hsia, our beloved Chinese pupil, left Rochester and started westward on a trip across the continent, the beginning of his long journey back to the Orient. His formal education, that is his education in our school and Mechanic's Institute completed, he is returning to China to take up a man's work, equipped in character and personality as well as by his training, and his excellent use of every advantage offered him here, to lead a useful life and one of service to his fellow country men and especially to the deaf.

After visiting his family in Ningpo and becoming acquainted with them again he will take a position in an architect's office in Tien Tsin, a position for which he is well prepared because of the special attention he has given to mechanical drawing and manual arts here and at Mechanics Institute. We hope that this work, while there is a large field for it, will be in the case of Ziao Fong more or less temporary and that eventually he will be able to give his entire attention to the Chinese deaf, a field of unlimited possibilities and needs, which, except for the unrelenting and devoted efforts of Mrs.

Mills, Miss Carter and a few others, has been almost entirely neglected.

Knowing as we do Ziao Fong's extraordinary gifts of intelligence and spirit and having proved here his ability as a teacher when he came back as part time instructor while he himself was a pupil at Mechanics, we feel that his special talents should be used in behalf of the deaf of his native land.

In whatever paths the future years may lead him, the loving confidence and good wishes of his friends at his Alma Mater will follow him through life.

ZIAO FONG'S SCHOOL DAYS

It will not doubt be interesting to our readers who are friends of Ziao Fong to learn of the circumstances connected with his entrance into the Chefoo School and so we will quote from the account given by Mrs. Mills

"I well remember Ziao Fong's arrival at the Chefoo School. It was in early July, 1906, when a fine looking Chinese, holding by the hand the dearest little Oriental boy I ever saw, rang our door bell. It was Mr. Hsia and Ziao Fong, and Mr. Hsia wanted to know if I thought Ziao Fong could learn to talk. Ah, how many a father and mother have longed to hear



ZIAO FONG HSIA

the voice of their dumb child! It may be imperfect but it is sweet to those who love as parents do! A friend had told Mr. Hsia that deaf children were sometimes taught to speak. He said, 'I can teach him how to write the Chinese characters but I cannot teach him to speak. I carefully explained to him the difficulty of teaching a deaf child to speak mechanically, saying that all were not equally successful, and further that I was not willing to promise anything until I had tested the child's voice and his receptive powers. 'Try him now,' he pleaded, but I objected saying, 'He will not understand; it will be a complete failure. Leave him with me a few months and then I will give you my opinion.' 'I can not do that,' he replied, 'His mother would not be willing; besides I have not brought his clothing. Please try him now. He has been taught to obey. He will do exactly what you tell him.' Over persuaded, I yielded, and lifting the little fellow to my lap, I put his tiny hands to my throat and face, that he might feel the vocal vibrations, and said *pa, fa*, etc. The father waited anxiously. He seemed to expect that in some marvelous way I would cause the child to talk.

"Little Ziao Fong" looked up into my face with the perfect confidence of a child who has always been kindly treated but into his face crept the most puzzled expression, as if he would say, 'What crazy thing does this foreign woman want me to do.'

"It was as I expected. How could it be otherwise? He had so little idea of oral speech. I thought, 'This will never do. I must not fail. To fail now would be to hazard the prospects of his education?' Aloud I said, 'We will go to the schoolroom.'

"Ziao Fong's sharp eyes took in every detail of the room, and leaving him to investigate for himself, I called up to the blackboard a boy of about his own size, who had been with us some months and had him explain the phonetic diagram and speak the words he knew. Ziao Fong watched him; and I saw a look of comprehension come into his face. Again putting his hand to my throat, and choosing a word easily read from the clear voice, he imitated me. I quickly wrote the Chinese character for father on the board. His little face lighted up and he pointed to the character and then to his father, and I had him speak it again. He evidently understood and glad tears filled the father's eyes. He had heard his deaf and dumb child speak his first word and that was *father*. Wiping his eyes he said, 'I will leave him.'

"Two years later when we went on a long tour demonstrating to the Chinese the methods of teaching the deaf, we took Ziao Fong with us. The little fellow did his best and won hearty applause."

Soon after this trip through China, Mrs. Mills, feeling that Ziao Fong should have greater advantages and a more advanced education than her school could offer him brought him to America and chose the Rochester School as the one best fitted in her opinion to have charge of her pupil's future training.

Early in the summer vacation of 1909, just after Ziao Fong had arrived in Rochester, Dr. Westervelt arranged to have one of his teachers act as author of Ziao Fong in order that his speech might have the proper attention and to give him pleasant and profitable occupation. Mrs. Mills had carefully taught him and his speech was fluent and intelligible. He already knew Bell's Visible Speech Symbols so his teacher proceeded to make him familiar with the Northampton element charts.

Ziao Fong, because of his constant association with Mrs. Mills and his extended trip through China had gained an incalculable addition to his education and he therefore came to us with a larger vocabulary and a mental development beyond those of the average deaf child of his age.

The little boy was interested in the acquisition of new language and he readily responded to the efforts of his tutor to help him. When school began in September he was prepared to enter the First Grade of our Primary department where he became popular with teachers and pupils. His habits of atten-

tion, and interest in his school work made it a pleasant task to teach him and he progressed satisfactorily year by year.

Ziao Fong completed the work of our Grammar School and High School very creditably. He is a natural student, painstaking and thorough but possessing an independence of intellect which lead him to draw his own conclusions and form his own opinions.

Among his companions at school Ziao Fong exerted a strong moral influence, displayed a moral courage in adhering to high standards and an absolute integrity that must sometimes have been very difficult for him personally but that won for him the admiration and trust of his schoolfellows and his elders.

He was a happy member of our large school family, easily adapting himself to the manners and customs of American home life. His earlier vacations were usually spent with "rof" at the Bungalow where he reveled in the intimate association with his dearest friend.

In fact no son could have received from his own father more loving and wise care than Ziao Fong received from Prof. and then and always he has been the object of Miss McNall's most tender solicitude. After Mr. Forrester came to the Rochester School he also felt that the guardianship of Ziao Fong was a duty of special nature and he took his place as the boy's adviser and friend immediately, watching over him not only here but during Ziao Fong's three years at Mechanics, always ready to lend a helping hand.

ZIAO FONG'S ADVANCED STUDY

Upon graduation from our school Ziao Fong matriculated at the School of Applied and Fine Arts of the Rochester Athenæum and Mechanics Institute. He had seriously considered entering the University of Rochester; but upon consultation with Mrs. Mills who at the time was on a year's leave of absence from her Chefoo School, he realized that China needs more than ever men of industrial as well as technical training, and that if he would ever teach the Chinese deaf, he should be able to provide practical training designed to result in their becoming an economic asset to their country. Whether he would teach was a question he could not answer off-hand; but he had brought his strong and earnest nature to resolve upon one thing, and that was to dedicate himself to a life of service to his fellowmen in whatever capacity he was best fitted, that would require a period of rigorous preparation, so he chose the Mechanics Institute as the school which would best fit him for his career. There he selected the teachers' training course of three years in craft education that gives a broad training in the technique employed in the various crafts. The practice work in this course included design and color, freehand, mechanical and blackboard drawing, basketry, pottery, metal work and jewelry. For academic subjects, he had History of Architecture, Historic Ornament, History of Painting and Sculpture, Psychology, History of Education, Pedagogy. As practice teaching is required to win the diploma, Mr. Forrester engaged him to conduct an afternoon class in manual training at our school and also a Saturday morning class in mental work.

Not only was Ziao Fong a faithful and conscientious student, but also a general favorite throughout the Institute because of his fond-loving disposition and his readiness to enter into the student activities. He ranked high in the graduating class of one hundred twenty. At the Mechanics there is an honor society, called the Lomb Society, that has for members only those Seniors who are excellent in all classes and whose student activities and personal habits would be called excellent, Ziao Fong was elected to this society last May.

Ziao Fong comes of a talented family, several of the members being graduates of Yale and Columbia Universities, among whom is his uncle, Mr. C. T. Wang, the distinguished Chinese statesman, and they have every cause for pride in the record made by their deaf kinsman in his advanced study.

During his three years at Mechanics Ziao Fong lived at the

Y. M. C. A. where he helped in various ways as an aid toward paying his own expenses. At the Y. his lot was cast for the most part with hearing people in whose regard he won a high place. In the summer vacation he did fine repair work on speedometers at the plant of the Northeast Company, and his Christmas vacations were always spent in Syracuse at the home of Mrs. T. H. Miller, formerly Miss Helen Meigs, where he was regarded with great affection.

Ziao Fong's last weeks in Rochester were like a continuous fete. His friends felt that they could not do enough to make his final days here pleasant and to express their liking and

friendship for him. At a reception given him by the alumni and from his friends and teachers he was the recipient of a portable typewriter and various other gifts.

On Monday, the day before his departure, he was entertained at luncheon by Mr. and Mrs. Forrester, the teachers and officers; afterwards he addressed the pupils, who had gathered on the lawn to say good-bye, and shook hands with each one. There was a lump in many a throat and it was not easy to bid farewell to one who for so many years had been a well loved member of our school family.

Difficulties of Ours



When I tried to make my old Radio Set into an Ear-Phone

The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, let there be truth between us for evermore.—Emerson.

To love truth for truth's sake, is the principal part of human perfection in this world, and the seed-plot of all virtue.—John Locke.

ANGELENOGRAMS

By AUGUSTA K. BARRETT



ROSES and FOOTBALL! We do not usually think of these two in the same breath, but that is what they do at Pasadena on New Year's Day when they celebrate the tournament of Roses and the tournament of Football. This year it was a super-pageant as the parade of beautiful floats ushered in the Fiftieth Anniversary of the founding of the city of Pasadena.

Mr. Barrett and I had arranged to go with Mr. and Mrs. Lamont in their auto, but at a Watch Night Social on New Year's Eve other friends scared us out of this plan, by tales of the traffic congestion and crowds that would prevail at Pasadena. So we decided to go on the Pacific Electric Railway and this was really the safest way to go, as all roads lead to the "Crown City." Mrs. Lamont, as she viewed the traffic from the car window, was glad she was not at the mercy of these reckless drivers who multiply on a holiday. It was estimated that 350,000 people from Los Angeles flocked to Pasadena that morning, which is an enormous number to pour into a city of 55,000 population.

The floral tournaments this year was declared the most gorgeous in the history of Pasadena and was the thirty-fifth annual event since the tournament of Roses was originated in 1889. Millions of fresh flowers were used in decorating the hundreds of floats that were in line of march which was nearly three hours in passing. It was divided into seven divisions, each again divided into "classes." Roses were the predominating flower used and other flowers used were carnations, challengerias, stocks, poinsettias, snap-dragons, violets, and lilies. Prizes were given for the most beautiful float, and prizes in the different classes, and all the near-by cities send floats to compete for these. Great enthusiasm greeted the floats and mascots which represented the Naval Academy and the University of Washington. It was later learned that a Pasadena citizen, D. M. Linnard, had generously turned over to them the floats he intended to enter as representing his five hotels. The short description of a few of the floats will give some idea of their novelty and beauty.

Portraying in miniature the project to establish a 2,000-000 Temple of Peace, Pacific Palisades Chamber of Commerce entered a magnificent float representing the beautiful white temple on the slope of a towering mountain, which graduated down through rolling verdure covered foothills, to a sweeping beach where little children played happily in the golden sand of the ocean's shore.

The float—36 feet long and 19 feet wide—was the largest in the procession, with mountains towering 14 feet high. Asia, Europe, Africa, North and South America were represented by the Misses Wilma Thatcher, Margaret and Elizabeth Stevens, Lucile Vore and Miss Hope, clad in the costumes of the lands they personified. The temple was of white carnations.

LABOR REPRESENTED

Longfellow's village smithy was used by the labor unions to portray the dignity of labor, with H. O. Bundy in the role of the blacksmith, with leather apron, a roaring forge and resounding anvil from which the sparks flew in synchrony with his mighty blows. Corn flowers and challengerias were used to decorate the horse-drawn float.

CALIFORNIA'S FLAG

California's first flag, as made by Zonna Bandini in 1847 for General Fremont from the garments of her children, who rode on the float today, was represented in everlasting flowers of red, white and blue by the oxen-drawn entry of the Daughters of the Revolution in the historical division of the parade. Acacia, wild cherry and oak branches were used to trim the vehicle.

Pasadena's fiftieth anniversary was celebrated by the realty boards birthday cake of white carnations decorated by 2,500 red blossoms, surmounted by a golden crown, emblematic of the crown city, and surrounded by 50 candles, one for each year of the city's corporate existence.

1844 FIESTA DEPICTED

The San Pasqual fiesta of 1844 was represented by the Optimist club entry, showing an adobe house before which were seated typical Spanish characters in the intervals between their graceful dancing exhibitions. Shrubbery, potted plants and a tree which dropped over the red tile roof of the house, were the decorations.

Because today marked Pasadena's 50th anniversary, the pageant included a novel division of historical representations, originated by Miss Sybil Eliza Jones. Two historical periods and a forecast of the future were depicted. Various organizations, club and individuals co-operated in the presentation of the 24 units which comprise the division and portrayed important events in the creation of Pasadena, the incarnation of present-day spirit and a projection of what the future may be expected to hold for the Crown City.

Another unusual element was the participation of all of the lodges of Southern California Elksdom in competition for the McFarland sterling silver trophy cup, awarded by Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, who reviewed the division and made the award.

The afternoon is usually given over to the East-West meet, on the Pasadena gridiron at the Rose Bowl. Of this, too, we had been told many stories of the crowds and the exorbitant price of tickets, and having survived the crowd at the pageant, we thought best to "let well enough alone," and not brave another one of the athletes and sporting fans. It was a cold New Year's Day (that is, cold for these parts), but that did not prevent a crowd of 50,000 from seeing the great inter-sectional game.

Each year a football squad, usually the one holding the championship of the Pacific Coast, is selected to play one of the University of California at Berkeley, undefeated champions of the Pacific Coast, were invited to defend the West, but declined, and the University of Washington, as the next best team, was selected. The East was represented by the United States Naval Academy team of Annapolis.

A lady correspondent is not expected to detail the game and will be excused for merely giving the result in the words of R. A. Cronin: "It was a splendid game between two teams well matched physically and mentally. The tie score 14-14, appeared to make every spectator happy."



Now and then I have mentioned the various clubs and societies here, and to these has been added the Gallaudet Club composed of graduates and ex-students of Gallaudet College. Its object is mainly of a social nature and it will hold its parties at the homes of the member. In a large deaf popula-

tion such as we have here, there is room for more, and there are bound to be more than one club. We think the time has arrived in Los Angeles when one club does not satisfy people of different ages and tastes, and in this respect we must disagree with the Santa Barbara correspondence of the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

The Episcopal Mission for the Deaf here used to have a monthly social, but these have been discontinued since the old church was sold, and the new St. Paul's Cathedral is not yet finished. Rev. Clarence Webb, who has charge of the Episcopal Mission, also has charge of the hearing congregation at St. Andrew's Church, on Brighton Avenue, one block north of Santa Barbara Avenue. At this church a Watch Night Social for the Deaf was held on New Year's Eve and brought out a good crowd in spite of the rainy weather. Rev. Webb announced that after this there will be a social meeting for the deaf at St. Andrew's Church the first Wednesday night of each month. A few of the members of the first club among the deaf, organized here, on November 17th, 1889, are still with us. One of these is Norman V. Lewis, the veteran printer, who showed me the little magazine "Philocophus: or The Deaf Man's Friend" he published in January, 1889. The society was called "The Los Angeles Association of the Deaf." They had religious services every Sunday afternoon in the Guild Room of St. Paul's Church, Olive Street, between Fifth and Sixth. (This site is now occupied by the splendid new Biltmore Hotel). The services were in charge of the lay-reader, Thomas Widd, a relative of Mr. Lewis. The association also provided "social and intellectual enjoyment" for the members.

The little magazine is an interesting relic of that by-gone little colony and gives many glimpses into the life of the city. It contains some original articles, one by W. E. Dean, (formerly of Minnesota) who is still with us. In his article, "Description of the City of Los Angeles," there occurs this paragraph: "The city, then in kilts, had in 1850 a population of 1610, and now in 1898, large, metropolitan and prosperous, has 100,000 population with promising indications of a speedy increase." Doubtless Mr. Dean would now hesitate to tackle such a subject as a Description of the (Modern) City of Los Angeles!"

"The Covered Wagon," a wonderful movie of the rush of 49-ers to California, lately finished a long run at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre at Hollywood. This large theatre was always packed for both afternoon and evening shows.

There was a prologue in which Indians took part; Indians selected and brought there by a scout (I forget his name) who knows their language and also the Indian sign language. During this run of six months these Indians lived in a regular Indian encampment outside of Hollywood and went twice daily to take part in the prologue. The Indian chiefs, braves, squaws and papooses appeared in full Indian dress, the chiefs in war paint and feathers. The scout talked with them and then one of the chiefs stepped forward and delivered quite a speech in the Indian signs language, which the scout interpreted orally. The scout also talks in this sign language, which is so different from our sign language that we could only guess at the meaning. Of late years we have not been hearing much about the Indian sign language. I felt grateful to the scout and the Indian bravely discoursing in signs before the immense audience. By all means see "The Covered Wagon," if it comes to your town, it is refreshingly different from the ordinary motion picture.

In one of my letters a popular young Los Angeles deaf lady was quoted as admiring Beethoven and Edison for their achievements in spite of deafness. Sometime later one of the SILENT WORKER's Ohio correspondents, Frank M. Howe, stated he had looked up Beethoven's history and that he had composed

his symphonies before becoming deaf; thus knocking him from his pedestal in the galaxy of heroes admired by the young lady.

The strange part of it is that not long ago this young lady came across one of the short syndicated articles by Bruno Lessing, in a Los Angeles newspaper, which seems to bear out her contention regarding Beethoven's deafness. So she reached for her scissors, clipped it and gave it to me, with the request that it be published for Howe's benefit. So here is part of it:

THE GREATEST THOUGHT

"What do you consider the greatest thought in the world?" writes a correspondent.

Who can answer this question? Who will dare say that this or that expression of a poet or a philosopher, this or that phenomenon of life, or this or that experience of mankind, expresses a thought greater than any other?

Very difficult. Very complicated. And very interesting.

Here is a great thought. Without proclaiming it as the greatest thought in the world, let us just put it down as a very, very great thought:

Beethoven composed his finest musical creations when he was stone deaf.

* * * * *

BEETHOVEN was one of the greatest, if not the greatest composers in the world. When he became deaf he was poor. He was unfortunate in his love affairs. He had family troubles. He had not a single thing in the world to help him or encourage him or make life bearable excepting his passion for music. Yet, through the exercise of his will power and his brain power and without being able to hear a single note of his own compositions, he gave to the world those sonatas and symphonies which have been the delight of all lovers of music for more than a century.

The thought that a human mind can accomplish so great an achievement as this despite a handicap which seems to most of us to be insurmountable, is a thought whose immensity and pathos and sublimity it would be difficult to surpass.

* * * * *

Consider the few who read and the thousands who dance. Consider the few who go to a library and the thousands who attend a ball game or a horse race. Consider the few who struggle against fate and adversity to rise above their surroundings and the millions who fold their arms, limply, and, with sighs and moans deplore their hard luck because they have not had a chance.

And think of Beethoven, deaf, poor and unhappy, composing a symphony which ends in a joyous, Bacchanalian dance.

But probably, someone can suggest a greater thought.

Frost Bitten

Versatile and intrepid Jay Cooke Howard, of Duluth, Minn., recently spent eight days in the woods with the mercury between 35 and 43 degrees below zero, looking over some land which he owns. For this he was rewarded with badly frost bitten face and toes. He snowshoed in six miles with grub and blankets on his back. Who of us would undertake such hazards even at the zero mark.

Gets More Information

Dear Sir:

I get more information about the Deaf in The Silent Worker than any paper I have ever taken.

MRS. A. C. DOCTOR.

Olathe, Kan.

SOME MORE CHIT-CHAT

By JAMES F. BRADY

\$119 A WEEK



IT IS presumed that after one perused Mr. Pach's article in which he stated that a printer in New York City made \$100 a week for several weeks, the reader has yearnings to become a disciple of Gutenberg and pull down such a big wad. The abnormal pay is possible in any shop anywhere if the overtime work is not a hardship. To average the century mark at \$50.00 a week on the basis of 44 hours a man would have to work 20 hours over and 8 hours on Sunday. It is a weariness to the flesh and to keep it up for several weeks it is a foolhardy proposition, unless one has the constitution and intellect of an ox. Besides, it is a contravention to the spirit of the Typographical Union which has been trying to do away with overtime, thus affording work for others.

Talking about long hours, the other day a former school mate paid me a visit and he shocked me when he stated that he had been working 16 hours a day for five years in a small town and he did not get anything except straight hourly pay. I believed what he told me because he had the look of a man without pep and spirit, so different from himself as I knew him at school. Naturally he was asked if it was necessary to be such a driven automaton. He replied that he had to do it or lose his job. Friends, just consider what a 16-hour work day means! And in this present enlightened age, too! Eat, work, sleep; eat, work, sleep; eat, work, sleep, and keep it up for five years! Too horrible and unbelievable—but he did it and is "living," though "existing" would describe his case better.

He has to do it to save his job. And some do not see the value or necessity of unionism!

THE DEAF NEED A LAWYER FRIEND

When a deaf person buys a house and finds that he has not enough cash to pay for it he is advised to get a mortgage. He gets one and all is serene till the mortgagor notifies him that he does not wish to renew it after the expiration date. Our deaf friend goes up into the air and asks others what the legal paper is all about and he gets all kinds of advice, mostly presumptions and guesses.

He goes to the trust company through which the mortgage was secured and what the official tells him is all Greek with a smattering of Latin, not to mention Sanskrit. Somehow he is handed another paper and the official tells him all's well. Our friend takes the paper home and treats it as something too precious for his intellect.

Another one is the victim of an accident and soon after a man comes to him, sympathizing with him and handing him \$50, tells him to sign a paper. Our friend does so without knowing that he is binding himself not to ask for further damages. He begins to receive advice from acquaintances as to how to sue the person or company injuring him. He gets a lawyer and in a few days a curt note from him telling our friend that he had no case since he had released the party of the second part from damages. He is flabbergasted and decides that he had been cheated because he was deaf. Not so, he did not know any better, and ignorance of the law is no excuse.

Happily a deaf person is rarely arrested for infraction of the laws of the land, but he is, what a lot of trouble he has in defending himself! According to the Constitution every one is innocent, until proved otherwise and we are all guaranteed the right of fair trial. When a deaf man is unfortunate enough to be requested to make himself at home in a steel cage for wilfully and with malice aforethought

doing then and there on a certain specified date and place as designated in warrant sine dubio a malicious, cruel, infamous, heinous, atrocious, villanous, nefarious felony, to wit, did purloin, take, steal, pilfer, withdraw privily unto his body some and certain possessions, belongings, etc., from the party of the second part hereinafter to be known as Richard Doe, causing the said Richard Doe shame, embarrassment, anguish of mind, loss, etc., and the *causus belli* as per quo warranto was, is, and shall be against the laws, statutes and peace of the Imperial Commonwealth of ———, etc., with further emphasis on the etcetera, he hires a lawyer who asks him questions and prepares the defense. The day of trial comes and also a day of tribulation and much gnashing of teeth and pulling of hair on the part of the defendant consequence of said lawyer misunderstanding him and he not comprehending the loaded, ambiguous questions that the district attorney hurls at him, forcing him to give damaging testimony. He stays in goal and ponders on the ways of man and man-made laws and perfidious lawyes and curses his fate as Job of old in his struggles with Satan.

A few years ago I was at the trial of one accused of burglary. Not one question was asked him by the judge or prosecutor. His lawyer made an impassioned plea on the score of the defendant being "deaf and dumb and not responsible for his falling from the path of virtue," and he pleaded for his release. The judge closely examined the tools that the defendant made himself for his "business" and decided that he was not so dumb after all, but the jury voted him guilty, the judge in sentencing him to eighteen months in the county prison stated he did not wish to give defendant the maximum term on account of his physical handicap.

Several other trials come to mind but they are not necessary to dilate upon in any particulars except this. An interpreter is asked to act as "go-between" and if he is quick and clever the deaf man has a friend worth his weight in gold and satisfaction is the portion of all concerned. Otherwise the interpreter make as bad a mess as the defendant would without his help or hindrance.

Therefore the deaf need a lawyer friend who understands the deaf and is willing to act for them in all kinds of legal cases, from the purchase of a house, making of wills, to a trial for murder. If one is discovered and weighed in the balance and found not wanting, his name and address should be published or handed from one deaf person to another. And if he can be taught the sign language! Or better still, the son of deaf parents! It is within the realms of possibility.

Which brings to mind such a person—Mr. John P. Walker, then connected with the Mt. Airy School and later Superintendent of the Trenton Institution. He was a real thing lawyer and when called upon to do so, appeared in court for the deaf. He is a past master of the sign language and its many idioms and gestures. In fact no one could take him for anybody else but one of the crowd of deaf when he "loses" himself with us. All in all, he was a real lawyer and teacher-friend of the deaf. It is too much to expect nature to produce another one in his generation, and, methinks, we will never see the like of the old timers who taught school by the sign language. This is said without intending to cast slurs on the present-day pedagogues who are only doing their duty and to the best of their ability and with sympathy and love.

A SOFT VOICE TURNETH AWAY WRATH

A friend was telling me he had gone to see his sister in a

hospital and they engaged in family chat, he speaking "naturally." Pretty soon a nurse appeared in the private room and requested through the sister that "the gentleman depart because his loud talking is disturbing the peace of the hospital inmates." Maybe she had the idea the gentleman was having hard words with a sick lady instead of being a refined deaf person and one who was never known to hurt anyone, and least of all, sick sister. As he stated it, he left the room like a dog with his tail under him—cheap and humiliated.

This is passed along as a remainder to us oralists who chance to visit a hospital to either always remember to modulate our voice or to use pad and pencil, or failing in that, to speak with our lips sans voice and aided and abetted by natural signs.

WORDS THAT FLATTERED AND SHATTERED

In my younger "green and salad" days when I was less cynical, worked fast and diligently, never looking at the clock and talking to the other loafers was to me a crime. Naturally my boss was pleased, and like jewels out of his mouth came words to the ear of the assistant foreman and the a. f. relayed them to me and the words he uttered were these: "The boss wishes there were more men like Jimmy." Little Jimmy, that was me. I was intoxicated with the fulsome praise and the thought of a fatter pay envelope fondly entwined itself about my halo till—more words were forthcoming—and was the thought anent the pay to become a reality? Ah me, dared I hope it would be a jump from nine to ten dollars, a full one hundred cents more to indulge in my favorite pastime of quaffing my favorite list of ice-cream sodas? Not so, sweet Alice Ben Bolt; let thy lachrymose ducts overflow, darling Annie Marvourneen; mourn with me Alexander, Hector and Agamemnon. Cause why? The words following were: "He wants to know if you know of any more deaf and dumb printers like you." That is what he said, that and nothing more, gentle Lenore, crushing my pride forevermore. Withal, I showed the boss a countenance he did not adore and mentally hurled him through the open door down to the Plutonian shore.

A NEW ANGLE TO THE SAVING GAME

As we know, it takes many things and many men (and women) to make this world and we find sermons in stones, so it is said. Be it so, I am weak in that particular except one. My chickens have one weakness common to their lot, that of chicken-headedness. Many a gentle scolding did I give them to leave the recently harrowed and fallowed and seeded portion of my garden for the purpose intended, but on account of the aforementioned weakness they did not take the hint. So I resort to stone-sermons, and the way they show they understand me by their precipitate flight and gawking gives me satisfaction as to the power of my sermons.

But that is besides the point I intended to drive at. I was going to mention that we can learn something from everybody and something useful if we will be observant. While visiting a friend he passed around a box of cigars and after so doing he took out so many nickels and deposited them in the cigar box (yes, we could get good cigars in those days for a nickel.) I did not think anything of it till next time I saw him repeat taking out a cigar and dropping in a jitney. Seeing my curiosity he fessed up his cute little scheme to make a little profit off himself. He bought a box of 50 cigars at say \$1.75 and each cigar cost him 5 cents to smoke. Lo, and behold, at the end he has 75 cents more than the purchasing price and he will tell you with relish how he smoked 50 and came ahead 75 cents. Simple, is it not? Go and do likewise with smokes, ye men, and the ladies (God bless them) can do the same with candy.

ROUND PEGS IN SQUARE HOLES

The correspondence schools are a product of America

and I do not think that any where in the wide world do so many suckers nibble and grab at bait so glaringly flaunted in our faces, through billboards, magazine and newspaper advertisements, and circular letters. It is to laugh to see a shoemaker take up a course in chemistry, a carpenter going in for law, a printer intending to become a surveyor, a farmer stuck on becoming a designer on women's clothes at \$500 a week, a clerk studying architecture, a tailor with his eyes toward a bank executiveship. And all so simply done in a few weeks. Just study books and answer questions sent by the school and after you can say good-bye to your hard work and become a "swell" professional man, and condescend to accept the honorarium—not wages—from your equal—not your boss.

It is tragedy, really, and somebody loses out, but not the correspondence schools. I have known several of my hearing fellow-printers to take up courses which they thought would lead them to the Land of Promise, overflowing with honey, and they were disillusioned. No wonder.

When a deaf person is known to have fallen for the scheme and paid good money for the privilege of studying how to become something which, because of his deafness or lack of a well-rounded education, he is ill-fitted for, we can do nothing but sympathize and use him to "adorn a tale." Understand that I am not against the idea of any one trying to improve and train himself to become a beer clerk, mechanic, draftsman, etc., through the help of correspondence or night schools provided he follows that vocation for a living.

Book-learning without practical experience is as bad as a very, very bookish schooling without actual contact with realities in life. Just imagine a printer—a bright one—graduating from a correspondence school which presented him with a diploma or certificate advertising to the world that he was proficient in electrical lines, and he goes to a place where they have such work and he is accepted on the strength of his "training." Blue-prints are brought him and he understands them and proceeds for a while. He is happy that he easily made good. But wait—a break, a crisis, occurs and he is simply "not there." And the census will find one electrician less.

It is the "breaks" that inevitably happen, maybe not in a week, nor a year, but when they do come, they "break" the pseudo artisan. It may be some little thing to the man, but to the experienced it advertises one's weakness and lack of real training and his past is investigated. "He never saw the inside of a shop before," is the verdict.

They are hard facts, but nevertheless true, and lend emphasis to the old adage, "Shoemaker, stick to thy last."

Appreciated

Dear Mr. Pope:

Thank you very much for printing our 1922 school report in *THE SILENT WORKER*. It is a pleasure to see it printed on really good paper and illustrated by pictures made from good half tone blocks.

We are having a reprint made, without pictures, to send to the friends who are not apt to see your very interesting and excellent magazine. I wish that everyone who is interested in the deaf, or who ought to be interested in them, could have a copy of *THE SILENT WORKER* twelve times a year and so learn what they should know about the deaf.

ANITA E. CARTER,
Principal Chefoo (China) School for the Deaf.

There is no truth, however bitter, that is not better than any delusion. —*Lyman Abbot*.

The greatest homage we can pay to the truth is to use it.—*Emerson*.

Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.—*Rom. xii. 17.*

THE ARGONAUT

By J. W. Howson



WHEN Nathan Frank Whipple arrived from his school in Mystic, Connecticut, to take up his duties as an instructor in the California School for the Deaf, it was on a day following a rain. The air purified by the rain was radiant with sunshine. This is as it always is following a rain. This article is not to be about Mr. Whipple, though the writer could

except perhaps as a fleeting glimpse from overland trains, for most of the native population of California has never come into actual contact with snow. To mold a snowball in his hands or to coast down a white mantled hill, to the average California youngster is an unrealized dream.

Yet there are within the area of California many thousands of square miles of territory annually covered by a thick mantle of snow, a portion of it perpetually so. This refers to the mountainous regions of the Sierras and to a portion of the Cosat Range. Occasionally on a very cold day the lowlands may be visited by a sight flurry, a treat to the kiddies who may be able to scrape up a handful of it.

The vast territory subjected to regular and heavy falls of snow is sparsely habitated, though here and there are to be found small towns. Lumbering, mining, and summer grazing lands for cattle make up a large portion of the industrial uses of this land. Occasionally a moving picture troupe will invade this territory and pictures portraying the wilds of Alaska and sanguine encounters between the denizens thereof will first see the light of the midnight sun somewhere within the vicinity of Truckee, Cal. There may be better places than Truckee, but then Truckee has a modern hotel and the pullmans can park



Trio of deaf miners drilling for a gold pay streak

write a book about him. It merely is to describe one easterner's impressions upon his arrival in California, because though the day was nearly forty years ago and Mr. Whipple has long since been dead, yet his manner of describing his first impressions of this state was so strong that its effect has never been forgotten by the writer. It explains the wherefor of the sunshine in our land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers. Should the wayfarer arrive on a rainy day, he will doubtless raise a cry as to the whereabouts of our boasted sunshine.

A great deal has been written about California's sunshine, so for the nonce we shall diverge and write about that which any easterners seek to avoid at home and never expect to see within this state, California's snow. Few indeed will see it,



James Haley sluicing in the snow.

right at its door, which is so satisfying to the hardly heroes of the screen.

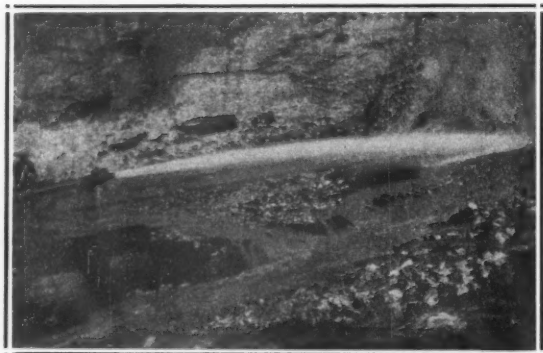
Naturally snow scenes in California, in which the deaf have factored, are hard to get and the ones with which we illustrate this article were taken some years ago. They show a trio



James Darney and George W. Russel, producers of the Brighton, England, School, meet once again under California's sunshine, after a separation of twenty years. Mr. Russel is a city employee at Richmond, a suburb of San Francisco, where Mr. Darney works. Both receive good salaries.

of deaf miners, James Haley, Hal Taber and Gage Hinman. Of the three Mr. Haley has taken to farming and Mr. Hinman to carpentering, but Hal Taber still wields the pick and shovel as he has done for a score of years. One will notice that hunting is good during the snow clad winter months and the skillful nimrod seldom misses his quarry.

Another picture will show us James Darney on the top of Mt. Lyell, land of perpetual snow. Mr. Darney hails from England, but has on many occasions "hiked" with California's leading outing organization, the Sierra Club. But it is his trip into that land of perpetual sunshine, Death Valley, that



Deaf miners washing gold gravel with a hydraulic stream. This is a most efficient means for surface mining.

Mr. Darney is most wont of refer to. Into this lowest depression in California's topography, 417 feet at its lowest point below sea level, and into its furnace-like heat went Mr. Darney and the prospector and guide who accompanied him. Leaving Los Angeles by mule team and proceeding through the Mohave Desert, they entered Death Valley, proper. Here the temperature seldom falls below 100 degrees and may register as high as 140. Just as a bar of iron cannot be touched in a cold country, so here would the scorching heat forbid the touching of metal surfaces. Little could be eaten, but a drink of water was always in demand. During their ten weeks' trip thirty-five deaths of prospectors were reported, yet the hope of striking it rich spurred them on. The valley is an unmined store-house of wealth, sometimes referred to as the treasure vault of the nation, sometimes as the drug store of the universe, but to which death holds the title. Fifty miles long and five to ten miles wide. It is the most formidable

spot in all the vast desert region which surrounds it. The observer sent by the weather bureau to collect data in the valley, remained there 153 days. On his return the most impressive data he furnished was that on his next assignment he preferred to take "hell straight." The daily average temperature he recorded was 109 degrees. Eggs he said could be fried on rocks and fresh meat spoiled during the night. The wind from Furnace Creek was what the name implied and about equalled an iron foundry sand blast.

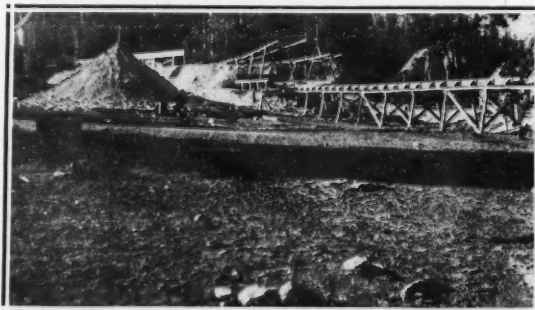
Borax via the twenty mule team, as all of us know, and other minerals to some extent have been profitably mined in Death Valley, but though Mr. Darney and his prospector had 42 mining claims, they found them all valueless. Mr. Darney was glad to get back to civilization unscathed and to look back upon the trip as a vista of the past, not again to be repeated.

The new school building devoted exclusively to pupils of



A stone the hard trail from Gibsonville to Laporte. It was hot in the sun and coats were taboo. The man second from the left, later perished in a blizzard.

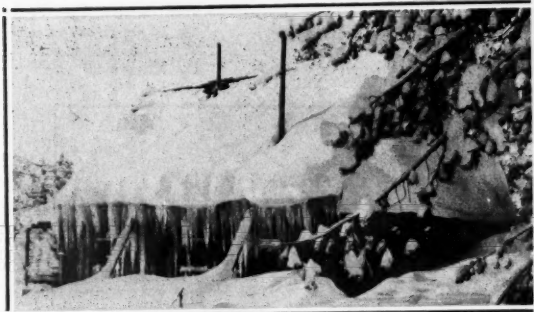
the San Francisco day school for the deaf was recently dedicated. At the ceremonies it was prophesied that eventually there would be erected in the city many similar schools for the deaf as well as special schools for other types of children for whom the usual classroom instruction as given to normal children was failing to give entire satisfaction. This may eventually come about, but the Argonaut is inclined to think the idea is rather utopian. Indications are not wanting that the numerous fads in methods of instruction and the ultra specialization of individual pupils are rapidly nearing an end. Not that they are not of value if properly applied, but they are proving an expensive drain upon the resources of even our wealthy country. The ideal method of instruction in almost any case would be one teacher to one pupil, but this is man-



A mining plant in the Sierras. The trestle, sheds, sluicing and most of the timbering were built by Gage Hinman.

ifestly a physical as well as financial impossibility, except in the case of the wealthy. A policy of retrenchment in educational matters is now making itself felt in many states. One of the main sources of wealth of our nation, development of new land is now on the wane, as most of the undeveloped land worthy of rapid development has been all taken up.

chinery is hardly keeping pace with the increase in population. The great inventions of one or two generations ago are not being duplicated. The natural resources of the country are being rapidly developed and there are those who profess to calculate when certain of these will have reached the limit of their expansion. There will always remain enrichment by con-



House in which Haley, Hinman and Taber, deaf miners lived through two winters batching.

quest, but history in general teaches that wealth acquired by conquest and national decay go hand in hand.

In this connection, one might go back half a century and look at the California state school for the deaf as it then stood. At that time there was but one school for the deaf in the state. Except for a few children from wealthy families, who could afford private instruction for their children, the state school imparted instruction in a uniform manner to all the deaf children of the state, confining this instruction to the three R's and a few trades. And who shall say that this instruction was not thorough? The whole school was a unit. The first break came when certain of the pupils were allowed to go home at the end of the week, or month, or other stated periods. It may seem strange at the present day that such a course would be objected to, but a little considering will show that while beneficial to the individual pupil, the procedure had its effect upon the school as a whole. It was a little bit of class legislation at the expense of the mass. Then came the time when the first day pupils were admitted to the school. The principal did his best to forbid the practice, but he could not overcome the pressure brought to bear by influential parents. It was a fine thing for the day pupil, as he then came under



James Darney at the head of a line of Sierra Club members. Taken during the summer on the top of Mt. Lyell, Yosemite Valley, 13,090 feet above sea level.

home environment for at least a part of the day, but the general effect upon the whole school was anything but beneficial. Finally came the day school and the splitting away of a part of the deaf entirely from the state school. There are now more than half a dozen schools for the deaf in the state and much specialization of instruction. To the Argonaut much of the latter looks like bird shot, where formerly bullets

were used. Just where a child is to be educated, and how, seems to depend largely upon the parents, so who are the persons most deeply concerned, yet there are plenty of keen observers who compare the present generation of the adult deaf quite unfavorably with those who have gone before. And, as we have said, the financial handwriting on the wall points to curtailment of many doubtful educational activities. To all of which we subscribe, well knowing there can be no such thing as too much education.

A valuable book, *Common Disorders and Diseases of Childhood*, Oxford University press devotes some space to congenital word-deafness, a topic seldom discussed in publications for the deaf. With auditory organs intact the child hears speech, but there is no connection between the organs of hearing and the part of the brain which should interpret what is heard. Consequently the words convey no meaning, though the child is able to hum a tune in unison with the other. Otherwise the child appears "stone-deaf," and take no interest in what is being said. However, he may understand what is said when he watches the lips of the person speaking, that is, through the vision, only may these words be conveyed to the brain and there interpreted. This condition of word-deafness may be much greater than suspected. There are many children in our schools who hear ordinary noises but do not understand spoken



The gold pay streak encountered at a depth of 35 feet. Photographic conditions are not very favorable but the streak is plainly visible.

words unless the same be lip-read. These children pass as deaf, but it may be that their hearing is normal, the deficiency being in the brain. The time may come when such deficiency may be bridged and an altogether new method of teaching a certain proportion of "deaf" children may result.

Another peculiarity mentioned is voluntary absence of speech. Children, usually dull, but not idiotic, will converse readily at home but absolutely refuse to take notice of speech from strangers, with the result that to the latter they pass as dumb, if not deaf. Passionate, unruly and eccentric children belong to this class.

In recognition of the stand taken by the members of the last state legislature towards any unjust legislation which would deprive the deaf of the right to operate automobiles, the committee representing The Deaf Citizens Protective League of California has caused to be sent to all the members the following circular letter of thanks. It is not unlikely that many of these members will be returned to the next legislature, in which case should legislation inimical to the deaf be again presented, most of the solons will be not unfamiliar with the rights and merits of the deaf motorist.

Berkeley, Calif., Dec. 20, 1923.

To The Membes of The State Legislature,
Session of 1923.

DEAR SIRs:

As the committee representing the organized deaf automobile drivers of the State of California, we wish to thank you in the name of the members of our organization for so amending motor vehicle bills introduced at the last session of the legislature that all discrimination of the deaf operators as a class was removed.

Any legislation tending to deprive the deaf of their right as individuals to operate motor vehicles, when same is applied to all of the deaf as a class, is unjust and discriminatory. At first sight it will appear as self-evident that a man who cannot hear is a menace to traffic on the road and should be forbidden the right to operate an automobile. But a little experience with a deaf driver will quickly dispel this illusion. Just as among the general run of drivers there are occasional incompetent and careless drivers, so are there the same among the deaf, but as a rule the deaf driver is equal to the average hearing driver, if not superior. His sense of sight is keen and alert, made so by long years of dependence upon and training of the same, and the sense of sight is ever the most important to the motor vehicle operator. What are unexpected situations to the hearing driver in dangerous lanes of traffic, are to the deaf operator not unexpected as he has been fortified for the same by previous experience as a pedestrian. Where the hearing driver relaxes his vigilance, trusting to his hearing, which is usually of little avail in dangerous situations, the deaf driver is ever alert for impending danger. Consequently any effort to bar the deaf as a class from operating automobiles should be opposed; all drivers should be treated as individuals and no license should be refused to any person without trial as to his competency. The objection made to the deaf driver that he cannot hear the sound of the horn of an automobile approaching from the rear is overcome by the mirrors which may be so attached to the machine as to afford a full view of the rear of the road. Furthermore in enclosed cars, noisy trucks, and amidst heavy traffic, persons of normal hearing frequently fail to hear warning sounds from the rear and they are not as is the case with the deaf ever on the lookout for the same.

Many of the deaf as contractors, skilled workmen, and business men in the towns and as farmers in the country use the automobile to gain a livelihood. They pay taxes for the maintenance of the highways and in every way endeavor to support the government of state and country and they would resent any effort to deprive them of one of the means by which they earn a livelihood. One of the principles of democracy, is that there be no class legislation, and that every individual be accorded his just rights.

Certain states and territories in the east have passed laws discriminatory to the deaf in regard to the operation of motor vehicles. In these localities licenses have without any definite facts being presented, been refused to the deaf. It is now worthy of note that in these places, as for instance Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia, the law has been changed and licenses must be issued to such of the deaf as can show upon trial their competency as drivers of motor vehicles.

So we congratulate the members of the legislature of the

state of California for their foresight in this matter, and judge that the tolerance and wisdom which they have exhibited in the past will be continued in the future, and that no legislation detrimental to the deaf will be passed which is not just to the individual and founded upon actual experience.

THE COMMITTEE.

J. W. HOWSON
W. S. RUNDE
WM. HOWE PHELPS
W. H. ROTHERT
WM. E. DUDLEY
D. KAISER



A snow scene in California—Hal Taber and James Haley bringing home the venison. The California mountaineer is an expert with the gun and at home on skis.

DEAF HUNTERS



BOYS OF NEW MEXICO SCHOOL STARTING ON HUNTING TRIP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

THE REAL EXPLANATION

A gentleman who had purchased a turkey from a Virginia colored man in the old days on the assurance that it was a domestic fowl and not a wild turkey, met the seller on the street a few days after Thanksgiving and said:

"Sam, I thought you told me that was a domestic turkey, and not a wild one, that you sold me the other day. When I cleaned it, I found some shot in the meat."

"De fack is, boss," he admitted, finally, "that that wasn't no wild turkey. It was a domestic turkey. I's gwine to be hones with you. Dat shot, boss, was meant for me, not de turkey. Dat's how it was."

A SOP'S FABLES

Once upon a time there were two flappers who were never heard to criticize each other's clothes.

They were deaf and dumb.

The Woman and The Home

Edited by Mabel Pearson Moore

How A Wife Can Help Her Husband

By MRS. O. R. M.



GEORGE, dear, said I to the Mr. at breakfast, "here is a \$5 prize offered to the winner of a letter contest on how a wife can help her husband. Have you any idea along that line?"

"I have, but what good do they do me?" answered George. "Anyhow, one good way would be to win that prize. It would help me to the extent of five dollars, which taking it by and large, is nothing to sneeze at."

"You wouldn't take it, by or large or at all. Guess again."

"I never did have any luck," moaned George. "However, I might suggest that my-er, a wife would help me immensely by stoking the furnace, and going down in the dark to see if the windows are fastened and setting out the milk bottles. There's a button off my best shirt, too, and my blue suit ought to go to the cleaner. I was about to tell you that a couple of the boys will be around to-night, and if you haven't anything special to do to-day, will you—"

"No," I answered gently but firmly, "I won't. Now go away and let me think how I can be a help to you."

Exit George, murmuring, "You have made me what I am today," but wisely refraining from any hope that I might be satisfied with my handiwork.

There are so many ways that a wife can help her husband that it would be worth \$5 to set them all down. This is not the one-sided proposition it sound; its fifty-fifty, but sometimes 25-75. In some cases where the bride was more than usually careless what she picked, its 0-100, and the wife get the 0.

Laying aside the fact that man is as definite as quicksilver, and as likely to stay put while we are laying down hard and fast rules about him, there are two things a wife can do which embrace every known art and get results in every clime with every man, no exceptions reported. They are simple to propound and difficult to expound, being first, to make him physically comfortable; and second, mentally happy. All other things follow these two.

Wreaths of orange blossoms! The old, old symbol of marriage of our race. But not of all races. In some of the West Indian islands the brides carry sprays of coffee blossoms, there considered the emblem of domestic happiness. No custom is strange to those who follow it, and why should this one be strange at all? Many a home has been wrecked by bad coffee.

The corollary to this may be true, also. A friend of mine once remarked, "Two things are important to me: a good bed at night and a good cup of coffee in the morning." Thus did he start the day right, and a good beginning is likely to take one a long way. A wife who makes a cup of coffee in the morning, and serves it in a cheerful room, with her curlers discreetly hidden, is a jewel of price. Good coffee presupposes a good cook, a good cook presupposes a woman interested in her

home. A woman interested in her home is undoubtedly interested in her husband, and there is nothing that tickles a man more and urges him farther than to know he is interesting to some woman, and that woman his wife. A man whose wife is interested in him is not likely to tell his stenographer that he is misunderstood.

Under the heading of his physical comfort comes also a cheerful, attractive home, and certain tasks that every wife undertakes for life when she says, "I do." The rescue of the collar button, the darning of socks and other odd jobs that one can do for penance and the good of the soul belong here. There is no wife in Christendom but wonders at times how come all those buttons missing, those toeless and heelless socks, those collars frayed.

The second thing, mental happiness, is far more elusive.

of description, far wider in its application, far deeper in its significance, than mere physical comfort. It might well be called the very foundation of human relationship. Physical comfort is of the earth earthly, but mental happiness is something approaching godliness, and to have both is to walk in a Paradise on earth.

To create a Paradise on earth is a large order, and feminine backsliding is frequent, and ever will be present; were woman perfect, where would be her charm? Even a little bit of Paradise is better than none, and many little bits sometimes make a very wonderful whole. The requirements are simple—be interested and interesting; be charmed and charming. Treat your husband with the same consideration and kindness of manner that you would treat somebody else's husband; and demand the same treatment in return. It can be done, even with the most determined boors, by the exercise of tact and the wily inheritance every woman has received from her first Grandmother. Be gay with him; be silent with him; and when he

The \$5.00 Prize Winner

In response to our offer of \$5.00 for the best article of five hundred words or more on "How A Wife Can Help Her Husband," we have received five papers. All are splendidly written articles, but two are short of the necessary number of words so, in fairness to the others, have to be eliminated from the contest. In spite of the fact that we failed to get eight competitors as we hoped to, the papers were handed over to the judges who have decided on the article printed here as the prize winner. The writer requests that her name be withheld, so we are printing only her initials.

In the future we expect to offer more prizes on other interesting subjects and hope there will be more competitors than there were this time.—EDITOR..

wants to talk, talk with him, on "shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings" and baseball and football and "whether pigs have wings." And say it in capital letters, be pretty to him. Prettiness is woman's greatest asset; its better, than anything except brains, and better than some brains. It is true that beauty may be only skin deep, but it is also true that it is irresistible while it lasts. The trick is to make it last.

How many times has a woman been told to be an inspiration to her husband! How much better if she were advised not to try to be an inspiration to him. Let him derive any inspiration he gets from her unconsciously; that is the only inspiration that could not better be called by a much stronger

name. Husbands—and bosses—very rarely reap the benefits they should from such "inspiration." Just kiss him and tell him you know he is the bees knees in his job, and the chances are he will muddle through with more or less credit, which is about the best masculine man ever does.

Thus far and no farther can rules be laid down for a wife. Beyond this point no two men are alike, all insinuations to the contrary. To all intents and purposes they are virgin soil, and each wife must determine for herself what to do and how to do it, to develop in her own man the infinite possibilities for progress innate in every soul.

Have Own Church Service and Weekly Social Events



IF YOU were to awake some morning and suddenly find that your power to communicate with your fellow man by word of mouth had been lost and could not be regained, what would you do? Do you think that because the pleasures of music and of conversation had been lost that you would have to drag out a miserable existence? During the middle ages this fate might have been horrible to contemplate, but now it has lost its terrors, and it is possible to be happy and useful in spite of such a physical handicap. In fact, there are advantages which a normal person cannot enjoy. The universal language, a dream of the future for other people, is a fact to the deaf and dumb.

Fifty of the citizens of Allentown, Pa., are deaf-mutes. They are respected and as happy as most humans ever are. If they have some pleasures closed to them they take more enjoyment in those that are left, as if nature were trying to compensate them for their defect.

They are not lonely either; every week the deaf-mutes of Allentown have a party and social time. They meet in the Sunday School room of the Church of the Mediator and have a good time. They have their own church services, too. Once a month Rev. Mr. Smileau, of Williamport, a deaf-mute himself, preaches to them in this church. Rev. Smileau is the missionary to this group of people, and his territory includes the area between New York City, Scranton, Philadelphia and Reading. The Episcopal Church service is used.

The system of signs and the alphabet used by the deaf and dumb was invented in 1772 by a Frenchman named Aiken. He was normal himself, but realized the need of those afflicted in this manner. Since his invention the system has been brought to America and has spread all over the world. This method of conversation is not as inefficient as the ordinary man or woman would think. It is possible for an expert in the sign language to speak at the rate of 150 words a minute, and the maximum speed is much faster. Contrary to the common belief, the deaf-mutes do not spell words except when using names. New things are also spelled out until a sign is adopted for them. Almost all conversation is carried on in the sign language which is universal. A German can speak to an Italian, and though neither knows the other's language they can converse intelligently. Some common signs are coffee; close your hands and rub one over the other as if grinding coffee between them; tea, hold the thumb and forefinger as if holding a pinch of tea, and act as if stirring it in the other hand. Bread and butter is shown by making the signs of cutting and spreading a piece of bread. Concrete

things are not the only signs used. Attributes and intangible feelings are also expressed this way. Temptation is expressed by touching the forefinger to the elbow. Love by crossing the hands on the breast and nodding. Hate, or "I don't like you," by doing this and shaking the head. The expression of the face has an effect on the meaning, and it may change the meaning of signs entirely. It is possible to translate a sermon as fast as the minister preaches it. The definite and indefinite article and connectives are not used.

The deaf and dumb are very fond of pets, and it is a rare occurrence to find a family without a pet. Dogs are the most common, and they are not required to pay the dog tax. This is because the dog is regarded as a protection to the deaf mute. Flowers are also beloved by them. They have plants in their homes and are as delighted when they bloom, probably because flowers can be felt, smelled and seen, three avenues of feeling all of which are open to them. The breed of dogs or the kind of flowers does not seem to make such a great difference. Like other people, they have individual likes and dislikes.

They are very prone to rely on first impressions. If they like you at first sight they are your friends, but if they dislike you it is very hard to overcome their antagonism.

They have many virtues. They are more honest and reliable than the average person. They are law abiding, and it is very rare for one to be arrested. Patience and kindness are characteristic. Most are of the middle class, and are very neat. They are as a rule very plain in dress, and are not self-conscious.

They are much more observant than most other people. The other senses beside sight are not intensified, but the sense of sight is developed to a high degree, and things that escapes the average person are seen and impressed on their minds. This keenness of sight and an eagerness to learn are two characteristics.

Another peculiarity of the deaf-mute is that they seldom read books. They do read the newspapers, however, and the *Chronicle* and *News* is the most popular among them and has been for the past forty years. This is due to the fact that they believe the *Chronicle* and *News* is unbiased in its reports, and also to the interesting articles which appear frequently.

Fondness for travel is another characteristic. They take short trips alone, but on a long trip generally take an interpreter with them. This is to protect them from unscrupulous persons, who try to take advantage of their infirmity. It was formerly a custom to overcharge and short change these people, but in recent years this custom has been abandoned and they now get a square deal in most places of business.

An instance occurred some years ago when a lawyer swindled a man and his wife, who were deaf-mutes, out of a farm. Luckily they managed to recover their property and the rascal fled.

When alone shopping they usually carry a pad and pencil and write their wants. Some of them can also read lips, and know what is being said in their presence.

A school is located at Mt. Airy where they are taught to read, write and a useful vocation, which makes them self-supporting. On entering the school a child is first put in the oral department, and an effort is made to teach them lip reading and to teach them to speak. After four years they are promoted to sign department, where the sign language is taught. The mutes are all able to make indistinguishable, gurgling sounds.

Children of deaf-mutes may inherit the defect. One man, a shoe-maker, who lived in Allentown, had twelve children and only one of the family was able to talk and hear.

Most of the deaf-mutes are fairly happy, and take their misfortune philosophically; in fact, one woman that was interviewed said that it was not half as great a misfortune as being blind. Misfortune always has advantages, and it would seem that an equilibrium exists in the world so that every one gets the amount of happiness and enjoyment that they deserve.

New Balkan Plot Discovered

BY ERSATZ VERITAS.

Articles on Japan, China, India, France and England, as well as news features from every part of this continent, proclaim THE SILENT WORKER to be an international review. I am sure, therefore, that its readers will be as interested as I was in a little matter of European intrigue that accidentally came to my notice not long ago.

For several decades past the Balkan states have been a storm centre. As is well known, the assassination of the Grand Duke of Austria at Sarajevo, Serbia, brought on the recent World War. Indeed, it may be said that the Balkan region always has been a centre of war fulmination. An interesting corroboration of this is indicated in the now famous discovery made in the ruins of the great library of Louvain, after its burning by the Germans in the late war, of a fragmentary sonnet heretofore unknown, that bears every evidence of having come from the pen of William Shakespeare. The

first four lines were undecipherable, but there was written on the margin what evidently was meant for a memorandum title, "The Fruit Famine." It read:

*"O Greek, who clamoreth all day long,
Crying, 'Yea, yea, I have not what you seek,
Yet have I this and t'other—for a song!—
What joy were mine could I but beat thy beak;
Sad sunken scion of a race once chaste,
What joy indeed were mine thine eye to paste.'"*

Since Greece usually has participated in Balkan politics, this proof of antipathy on the part of the English poet and dramatist is significant, to say the least.

But to my more recent discovery: It has been assumed that the Western European nations have held aloof from the internal politics and intrigue of these Near East countries. It was, consequently, with astonishment and unbelief that I was shown the accompanying photograph, implicating as it does France with Macedonian Turkey and Rumania. It is all too evident that this French gen d'arms, seated between two villainous specimens of either sex of the treacherous mountain races, has been plotting and planning, further to disturb world-peace. The look of guilt in his eyes is unmistakable. The Rumanian creature on the left is seeking brazenly to hide under a forced smile the seriousness of being caught with the goods, while the nervous clasping and unclasping of the hands of the unspeakable Turk at the right tells its own story.

All effort to prove an alibi is thwarted by the mountain in the background, which can be identified by every reader of THE SILENT WORKER who spends his vacations in the Balkans as being Old Zsxmzski, in the Carpathians just west of Xszczynovsk.

I have referred the matter to the State Department.



MR. AND MRS. J. C. NASH
(Denver, Colorado)
Editor and Publisher of "The Silent Echo," which after a brief existence, has suspended publication.

WITH THE SILENT WORKERS

By Alexander L. Pach

AN EXCHANGE recently told of one of the teachers on the staff of the school where the paper is issued being able to spend a week at the White House as a guest of her old fellow teacher, Mrs. Coolidge. One reason I hope the President and Mrs. Coolidge retain their tenancy of the White House four years after March 4, 1925, is that I believe Mrs. Coolidge will lend a ready hand to all good causes connected with the education of the Deaf, and that when opportunity serves, both the President and Mrs. Coolidge will do more to further the scope and enhance the welfare of Gallaudet College than any of their predecessors. An instance of Mrs. Coolidge's wholesomeness, and as indication of the absence of aloofness in her, I want to relate an incident that took place when the President was Governor of Massachusetts, and he and Mrs. Coolidge were about to take a train from Boston. Colin McCord, a fine type of the Northampton graduate, and a former pupil of Mrs. Coolidge when she was a member of the Clarke School faculty, was in the Boston and Maine station awaiting his train to Lowell when the station attendants cleared the way for the Governor and his wife to their train, Mr. McCord was one of the many who stopped to watch, and Mrs. Coolidge caught a glimpse of him, retraced her footsteps, took him cordially by the hand, and after introducing him to the Governor asked him questions about his progress since leaving school, and only bid him good bye, when the Governor, watch in hand, urged haste or they would miss their train.

The one regret is that in the Clarke School they only know one side of the education of the deaf, and the teachers as a rule have a very poor opinion of any other than their own method, because they know nothing of any other method, so Mrs. Coolidge probably has a lot to learn, and on Kendall Green, between the Kendall School and the college she may acquire a deeper insight into what it means to take the sting out of the condition of deafness with the aid of the only sure and the only real road to happiness for those bereft of hearing.

Speaking of the Clarke school reminds me of two of its graduates a married couple residing in New York, both good speakers and both good lip readers, who have the joy of both a baby and a car. Of course for the car, a license is needed, and the husband hasn't been able to get one. So far, they have made their pleasure jaunts with only the state tags, but without the driver's permit. Of course driving under the circumstances is a constant menace, for one never can tell when some inquisitive traffic officer will demand the card, but so far they have escaped except once, when the few months old baby won them immunity. It happened that a suspicious officer held them up and demanded to see the card. Soon he found out that the driver could not hear. Next he found out that the lady in the car was also deaf, so he got his summons blank out, but before he filled it up he saw Baby. Baby captured him.

"Yours?" he asked the twain.

Both nodded, indicating proud ownership.

"Can it hear?" came from the man with the wheel and horse-head on his left arm.

Both answered affirmatively.

"Drive on," motions the traffic guardian, and his summons blanks went back in his pocket, and they left him wondering how two totally deaf people could have a hearing child, and this involuntary dip into the science of eugenics made him forget all about laws requiring that every driver of a motor car must have a permit.

I couldn't help smiling, but I'll venture Dr. Harris Taylor didn't, if he read the story in a New York newspaper telling how the pupils of his school honored the memory of the late President Wilson with special exercises in the school chapel, and the "headline" writer gave it the caption;

DEAF-MUTE USE SIGN TALK

Nothing surprises anybody nowadays, and though this department has been a skeptic of skeptics when it comes to hearing by Radio, here is something new in another direction:

Columbia, Mo., Jan. 17—[By the Associated Press.]—The traveling of 14,000 miles of land and sea by telephone and radio in one minute and forty-five seconds was accomplished tonight when David Sarnoff, vice-president and general manager of the Radio Corporation of America, sent a message to Iwaki station, Japan, and received his answer by telephone here.

Standing in the auditorium of the University of Missouri here Mr. Sarnoff took up a long distance telephone connected with the radio corporation's station at San Francisco.

"Ask Iwaki how's the weather there," Mr. Sarnoff told the operator at the San Francisco station.

REPLY IN 13½ MINUTES.

The message was sent at 8:04 o'clock and was relayed by radio to the Iwaki station at Tokmioka, Japan, and a minute and forty-five seconds later the Iwaki station answered:

"Greetings. Thank you for the medal and \$500. Weather cold; snow on ground. YONAMURA."

Mr. Sarnoff had communicated with Japan and before the eyes of hundreds of visitors to "farmers' week" here, who packed the university auditorium.

It was the first time in history, Mr. Sarnoff said, that radio communication had ever been established across the ocean and relayed successfully so far inland.

SENT EARTHQUAKE NEWS

Yonamura, who signed the reply, is the radio operator who was the first to send out the news of the Japanese earthquake disaster. The Radio corporation presented him with a medal and \$500 for his heroic efforts.

The communication with Japan here tonight was to demonstrate the possibilities of communication by telephone and radio with other countries and with ships at sea. In an address tonight Mr. Sarnoff predicted that in the future a person would be able to pick up an ordinary telephone and communicate through radio with any ship at sea.

Mr. Sarnoff also predicted that radio will be developed that photographs can be transmitted across the oceans, which will later lead to the development of "radio television," the art.

of sending and receiving motion pictures by wireless, and to the ultimate achievements of the transmission by radio, both in America and abroad, simultaneously, of both sound and moving pictures.

MAY "SEE" BY RADIO

This achievement will be extended across the ocean so that Americans sitting in their homes not only will hear concerts, plays, and operas being broadcast in the great cities of this country but the farmer may some day hear and see, by radio, on the farm, what is going on in Paris, London, or some other foreign city.

While Mr. Sarnoff's predictions were being heard by 15,000 or more people in the auditorium it was estimated that an invisible audience of more than 5,000,000 persons in all parts of the United States listened to the address by radio.

The February issue of this magazine had an article headed "Little Rock Wants the N. A. D. Convention," and following are 10 reasons why the next Convention should be held there. I wonder how the good Arkansans get that way! It is the National Association of the Deaf they are talking about, and that organization just met in the South, and as the word "National" in the title has a real meaning it seems to me the Arkansaw folks are inconsiderate. They must appreciate that before the Convention can again be held in the South, the East, Mid-west and West and far-west, must have a look in so that at least six years, possibly nine or twelve, must elapse before the South can have the honor of entertaining the National Association of the Deaf again. The Texas boys were after the honor, too, but after they took soundings, as it were, and the hopelessness of the Association meeting successively in the same section of the country was shown to them, they modestly but finally withdrew. Along about 1929 or 1932, long after many of us have passed on, Little Rock will be ripe enough to pick for a National Association of the Deaf meeting.

The growth of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf often compels reference to different features of it. In New York for years there was only the Division located in Brooklyn and a split was talked of to enable New Yorkers to have a division of their own and save themselves the time a trip to the borough of Brooklyn involved, most of the Brooklyn boys thought it would weaken the division to too great an extent if it was split between the two boroughs. Finally the Grand Lodge in convention assembled at Atlanta decreed that New York be treated as if the several boroughs were separate cities, and that gave both the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx the right to have their own, and this cut Brooklyn's roster heavily, but two years afterward we find Brooklyn almost as strong as it was at the time the separation took place, and Manhattan and the Bronx have a membership of nearly 150. Another thing the Brooklyn boys feared was diminished attendance at its two great public functions, the winter ball and the summer outing, yet these have in no way been reduced either as to attendance or as to financial income. On the other hand, its Ball, always, held on the first Saturday in February, this year of 1924 saw such an outpouring of deaf people that the officer on duty several times urged the Committee to close the doors and admit no more people. The Committee wanted to, for the sake of having a bit of surplus room, but when they thought of the many late-comers, some from long distances, they did not have the heart to bar them. No other event hereabout brings out the crowds, nor does any other event attract the deaf from a distance in such numbers. While my own acquaintance is somewhat limited, I shook hands with at least four from the District of Columbia, and many others from Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, and other states. The throng in the hall numbered over 1300, nearly all deaf people. Brooklyn No. 23's prestige is, like Barnum's, bigger, better and grander than ever.

Every time I read details of the awful and woeful hardships of that terribly stricken class the hard of hearing, stoic that I am, I cannot restrain the tears that flow unbidden. The very latest from this helpless and, seemingly hopeless people, is a bid for a mere pittance of one hundred thousand dollars—that's all. The appeal is from the New York League for the Hard of Hearing. The newspaper appeal begins with a romantic line:

"To hear with the eyes is part of
love's rare wit."

There, now, won't you sit pretty?

It will surprise New Yorkers to learn that the League of the Hard of Hearing is taking care of five hundred children, with a staff of five teachers, in quarters altogether too small, so with a bunch of honorary presidents, honorary vice-presidents, honorable directors, etc., the League of the Hard of Hearing is out for the trifling sum of one hundred thousand dollars to put the deafened next to the "Love's rare wit" thing; help the poor hard of hearing get a job, and, as usual, fix up a bunch of fat salaried office holders.

What added confirmation this gives to the fact that the totally deaf are the most independent, as well as the most dependable people on earth.

Speaking of names, which we haven't been doing for a long time, the *Maryland Bulletin* tells us that Mr. F. Lester Miner has retired from the coal business, and, also, that Mr. Cletus Clem has a nice position in Baltimore.

TO BE CONGRATULATED

A friend has loaned me a copy of your February SILENT WORKER, which I read with increasing interest from cover to cover, and I may add that the deaf people are to be congratulated upon having such an excellent monthly, so the two dollars enclosed is positive proof of my sentiments.

PRESTON BARR.

North Uxbridge, Mass.



CLASS OF 1923
Institution for Improved Instruction of the Deaf

A. L. PACH PHOTO.

Comments By a Deaf Man on Various Subjects

By ARTHUR BLAKE

"Tho you live in the world far from the beaten track of civilization the world will make a pathway to your door."—Emerson.



HE above lines by Emerson pretty well hold true. One has but to study history to discover that the names of men whose lives were devoted to humanity were not those who went forth with the blare or trumpet but those who worked out the problems of the universe in a quiet way.

We hear people say of certain great men of the past: "He was a fine man of charming personality in whom intellectual and spiritual magnetism radiated from every pore, but he was adverse to mingling with society." How many of the thoughtful,—the philosophers—among us have at some time or other craved the peace and solicitude of ourselves just for an hour. All of us probably. When the glamour of society palls and the cares of life weigh heavily on me I seek out some spot untrampled for the day by the passing crowd, and here, among natural surroundings, gain hope and inspiration for the morrow. How prone society is to criticise the man who prefers to live life in his own quiet way. Little do we realize that such quiet natures often prove the guiding minds of millions and, in their own way, work out the problems of the future generations. Witness Luther Burbank, whose marvels in the vegetable and horticultural world have added to the comfort and material gain of humanity for all time. Witness John Davey, the poor Scotch boy, who until he was twenty years of age, could not even write his own name, undertook to educate himself, and today is recognized as the greatest living authority on trees, besides being an author of note in this particular field. I might go on forever naming persons of note in the industrial and scientific world whose debt to all of us as a whole can never be counted in dollars and cents. Those I do mention were individuals who gave to the world unselfishly the product of their own brains.

How can an individual in the present era of greed and selfishness work out real beneficial problems unless he or she temporarily withdraws from society. When reforms are launched for the benefit of the mass by those with clear visions into the future certain individuals immediately set up a howl that their "rights" are being endangered by such reforms. Yet, when we investigate their so-called rights we generally find that such individuals have been thriving on the labor of others. As an example: We all know that thousands of political jobs hold no responsibility whatever and are nothing more than the product of a vicious system whereas the tax-payers are compelled to support political hostages in idleness wherein such taxes would go a long way in educating the younger generation and keep down crime and illiteracy of which a great wave is now sweeping the country. Reformers as a rule mean well. Of course we have good reformers and bad reformers. Nevertheless, they all strive toward a common goal,—the uplift of society.

While on the subject, did you ever consider the fact that labor organizations are striving towards a common ideal,—the uplift of society. On the surface of things it does not appear so, but surface conditions are not always a true indicator of the undercurrents. We read of violence in labor circles in which property and lives suffer in consequence, but such damage is generally done by irresponsible individuals, and hinder, rather than espouse the cause of honest labor.

Violence in any form is condemned by the greatest minds in labor circles. It's true the unionised man endeavors to eliminate the unskilled laborer from his or her field, for the simple reason that what a man or woman had to sweat and suffer years for deserves a higher standard of wages than that which requires no especial ability. Would you consider it a matter of justice and fair dealing on the part of an employer to pay an unskilled man or woman the same wages he paid you if you had spent the best years of your life in learning what you knew?

The world moves. How much better off is the average working person today than he was a quarter of a century ago, or less? World better! The "old days" when a man or woman worked in industries from sun-up to sun-down and never knew the joys of the out of doors or a whole day in the family circle are rapidly going into the discard. Wealth in the aggregate of millions that formerly flowed into the hands of a few powerful interests who ultimately handed same down to idle sons and daughters to be squandered in sinful and idle pleasures are now more generally flowing into useful industrial enterprises in the form of better and healthier factories and better wages, which, in plain words, mean a better standard of living and a greater opportunity to enjoy the pursuit of liberty and happiness as the Creator endowed us with.

I am a firm believer in peaceful unionism in that it makes the powerful awake to the fact that the worker is no longer to be regarded as an insignificant factor in the scheme of things. His aim in life is to see that he and his children shall have the same opportunity to enjoy life as the man endowed with more of the world's goods.

When the unions endeavor to eliminate the unskilled workmen from their special field they do so only temporarily with the knowledge that if the individuals in question are really ambitious they will endeavor to help themselves by their own efforts or, in other words, "lift themselves by their bootstraps," and therefore complete the eternal circle by allowing the next grade to rise a step higher. Debating on religion is not my long suit, but there are those who take an interest in religious matters even in this unreligious age. If I was asked to define God, Space, and Eternity to a certainty I would, like all other individuals before me, "fall down on the job."

However, I will earnestly endeavor to give a short treatise on the subject.

Regarding space: No living person can, has, or will, define the limits of space. It is so vast that the human mind is staggered by it's immensity. I was always at odds with intellectual, but well-meaning, persons who continually tries to impress upon me knowledge gleaned in books to the point that we are so many million of mile from this and that planet. Throwing all arguments to the four winds I'll always maintain that human minds and human instruments are fallable and God alone is the perfect scientist.

In regards to God and Eternity: "Our idea of time and the sucession of events, the passing of years and the generation of men, is a condition of our earthly and physical existence. It is in harmony with the wearing out of things. It goes on with the limitations of the body and of the senses. Outside of the body that we wear here and to the soul within the body now there can be and there is no idea of time. Have you never

(Continued on page 267)

The South Dakota Convention

By JESSIE JOHNSON



THE SOUTH DAKOTA Convention for the Advancement of the Deaf was held at a delightful summer resort, Lake Madison, three miles south-east of the City of Madison from the first of August to the fourth. It was unanimously voted as a most enjoyable and ideal spot for such a gathering and it was also decided that we should meet there again in 1925.

The first day of the convention saw Prof. Atherton of the Madison State Normal College with us. He gave a long address about our beloved state "South Dakota" with Rev. Saloner interpreting. In the course of his talk, he said that South Dakota, out of all the states of the Union sent the most perfect men as soldiers, in health, morals, character and intelligence and also the largest amount of money for charitable purposes. Prof. Atherton, altho a native of Iowa, is very proud of South Dakota.

The next important feature of the convention was a paper written by H. H. Garrison, of Minneapolis, Minn. He was present to deliver his address. He was one of the first five deaf pupils who went to school founded by Thomas Berry and his assistant, Jennie Wright, at the old site where the present florist shop is, and he suggested that we should observe the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the first school for the deaf at the place and also at the present school buildings in 1928.

He declared emphatically that the South Dakota School for the Deaf is in a state of "flux," and strongly put in signs his idea, by describing the word "flux"—a huge stone, filled with diamond, gold and silver, which is allowed to be washed away by the incessant flow of water until merely the bulk of the stone remains with all the precious metals washed away—the sign language, the command of the English language and the ability to debate, all gone and replaced by the "pure oralism," the suppression of signs and all its evil thereof. He said that the school was very backward and should be placed under the management of the Board of Education, with a well-educated deaf member, following after the long standing example of the North Carolina School for the Deaf. His paper was handed over to the committee on resolutions.

The manager of the Lake Madison hotel was a most courteous and kindly gentlemen, who hinted to us that the deaf should be up-to-date and progressive by holding their convention every year instead of every two years, so his idea was to be taken up for next meeting. He provided free dancing, free movies and free automobile rides, but the sudden death of President Harding put a damper on our joyful spirits.

Before the convention our governor W. H. McMaster wrote to me several times that he would be with us, but the sad news of Harding's demise changed all his plans. His night letter is as follows:—

Pierre, S. Dakota, Aug. 3, 1923.

To Mrs. Jessie Johnson,
Secretary South Dakota Convention for the Advancement of the Deaf,
Madison, S. Dakota.

There appears to be a misunderstanding as to the dates of your convention, I have been depending on your letter of April tenth in which you state that the convention was to be held from the First to the Seventh day of August. Yesterday there was placed on my desk a copy of a newspaper account of the convention stating it was to be from the first to the fourth. In the meantime I had been planning to go to Lake Madison on the sixth or seventh in conformity with your first letter of April tenth. But owing to the sudden death of President Harding I feel it incumbent of me to attend the funeral which of course precludes the possibility of my being with you to-morrow. I regret this exceedingly, as your invitation came to me with much greater appeal than the average invitation to attend an ordinary convention and I

deeply regret my inability to be with you. My message to the deaf is that with a sound mind all things are possible of accomplishment to those of courage and ambition.

I need not mention to you the inspiring and almost miraculous achievements of Helen Keller who overcame inconceivable difficulties, nor need I mention to you Caroline Wells, the noted author who has through her books brought cheer and hope and a great message of life to countless thousands, and so I could go on and mention indefinitely those who were handicapped in life but with supreme courage and unfaltering ambition have accomplished great achievements and have made the world brighter and better because of their efforts.

Wishing you a most successful convention, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. McMASTER,
"Governor"

The officers for the 1925 convention are as follows:—

President, C. Loucks, Aberdeen, S. D.

First Vice-President, Mable Dalgaard, Harrisburg, S. D.

Second Vice-President, Jessie Johnson, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Secretary, E. Olson, Sioux Falls, S. D.

Treasurer, Alphone Anthier, Sioux Falls, S. D.

To encourage a larger gathering of the deaf at the next meeting the president offered five dollars in gold to any deaf person who would be present at the next meeting and who could guess correctly the number of the deaf people who would be at the lake on the third day of the next convention, and all persons should make out his guess before the convention by writing to the president and mark on the back of the envelopes, "Convention guess," and all such letters would only be opened on the third day at the lake and the prize given. In case of a tie the prize money would be divided and if three right guesses, one-third and a fraction would be given!

Let's come, one and all, and give three roaring cheers for Lake Madison Convention in 1925.

Rev. J. L. Salvner, of Minneapolis, Minn., was the minister of the Gospel of Christ and the official interpreter of the Deaf during his stay there and as he is well known and well beloved of the Deaf in general, we were delighted to have him with us and hope he will be with us again.

Immediately after the sine die adjournment of the convention a picnic with prizes for games took place and a number of the deaf took advantage of a long launch ride on the beautiful body of water of Lake Madison.

JESSE B. JOHNSON,
SPECIAL SECRETARY

Comments By A Deaf Man On Various Subjects

(Continued from page 266)

become absorbed in an idea and "lost all idea of time?" It is a poor illustration of the idea, but an experience of this kind gives us an inkling of what it would be without the limitation of time. We are so in the habit and under the physical necessity of thinking in time that we find it difficult to conceive of a condition where it does not exist. A drowning man, however, is said to recall the important events of his whole life time in a few seconds. We go to sleep and dream a whole plot and awake to find we were asleep but two minutes "by the clock." Time is a temporal thing, it does not belong to the eternal world. Since there is, we will say, no time in the eternal world and God is eternal. We can understand how God could always be. He simply IS, he never WAS. He is eternity itself.

The Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second Class Matter]

ALVIN E. POPEEditor.
GEORGE S. PORTERAssociate Editor and Business Mgr.

The *Silent Worker* is published monthly from October to July inclusive by the New Jersey School for the Deaf under the auspices of the New Jersey State Board of Education. Except for editing and proof-reading, this magazine represents the work of the pupils of the printing department of the New Jersey School for the Deaf.

The *Silent Worker* is the product of authors, photographers, artists, photo-engravers, linotype operators, job compositors, pressmen and proof-readers, all of whom are deaf.

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Articles for publication should be sent in early to insure publication in the next issue.

Rejected manuscripts will not be returned unless postage is enclosed. Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.



Vol. 36

MARCH

No. 6

Another Inducement

In the February number of this magazine we announced that we would present each person sending us five annual subscriptions during the month of March, an imitation Pearl Necklace. This promise we are making good as long as they last. Now we make another offer for the month of April. We have a limited number of unbound volumes of the last two years which we will offer as premiums to persons sending us five annual subscriptions. In sending in your order please specify whether you want last year's volume or the year before.

There is no magazine in existence, printed especially for the deaf, that contains so much of historical value about the deaf of the world as does the *SILENT WORKER*. This fact is readily recognized by persons who desire to have at their elbow a record of the most important happenings in the world of the deaf. Each volume is lavishly illustrated and grows more valuable with time. A little effort on your part will bring to you either of these valuable volumes free of charge. In case both volumes are wanted, send us \$20.00 for ten annual subscriptions.

Great Improvement

For several years past there has been a marked improvement in the typography and make-up of the publications emanating from printing offices of schools for the deaf. This is undoubtedly due to the adoption of the linotype. With hand-set publications the type is used repeatedly and deteriorates with each issue. On the other hand the linotype furnishes a new dress

with every issue. Even some of the cover designs are printed from slugs cast on the machine and are really attractive, which is an advantage because it is possible to cast any number of rules, borders and ornaments on the machine.

Our February Cover

The wash drawing from which our February front cover was reproduced in three colors is by John Stauffer, of Hazelton, Pennsylvania, a rising young artist, recently graduated from the Mount Airy School. While some of the richness of the original painting is lost in reproduction it will give the reader a good idea of the artist's ability and originality as a painter.

We always appreciate such contributions and hope other deaf artists of merit will come forward with appropriate designs for future covers. We have our own artist—Kelly Stevens—whose business is to design covers for us, but outside artists are always welcome and if their designs possess merit we will be only too glad to use them. Remember that the *SILENT WORKER* is YOUR magazine and your co-operation is desired so as to add to its attractiveness and usefulness.

Charles J. LeClerc

Several years ago Charles J. LeClerc, a New York artist and photo-engraver of well known ability, desired to make a change and with his hearing wife went to San Francisco, California, for a two-year stay. While there he secured work in a photo-engraving establishment and it was not long before he was recognized as the best artisan in his line on the Pacific coast. Consequently his services were always in constant demand and his weekly pay envelope bore silent testimony of his worth. Two years passed by and still we find him in California. Recently he with Mrs. LeClerc sailed for Honolulu to accept a two-year contract as manager of the color section of Hawaii's greatest newspaper, the *Star Bulletin*. That he will make good we have no doubt.

Years ago, Mr. LeClerc used to contribute illustrated articles for the *SILENT WORKER*. He even designed the *SILENT WORKER*'s heading and in many ways gave the magazine the benefit of his art experience. This eventually led the *SILENT WORKER* to adopt a policy of using illustrations in every issue and the final decision to make its own engravings. It is just such co-operation as Mr. LeClerc gave that has made this publication so popular.

Now It Is St. Paul

All roads will lead to St. Paul next July and all eyes will be focused on the preparations which the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf will make from now on for its great convention. With a membership of over 5,000 and St. Paul as an attraction we predict

for the Society the greatest convention of deaf people that the world has ever seen. We understand that the official route from Chicago will be over the Burlington & Quincy Ry.

In keeping with its custom the SILENT WORKER

contemplates getting out a special N. F. S. D. number and we propose to call on the big men of the organization to contribute to its success, for we figure on what we do to help the organization will also help us—a fifty-fifty proposition.



TWELFTH CONFERENCE OF SUPERINTENDENTS AND PRINCIPALS OF AMERICAN SCHOOLS FOR THE DEAF—ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA, JANUARY 14-18, 1924

This and That

All courage is real. To speak of real courage would be like speaking of real water. Water is water, whether in well, spring, lake or ocean. Courage is just courage, and it is an element in the composition of living things. Without courage there could be no life. But courage is not the only necessary element. There is another, and that other necessary thing is fear. It is by the alternating influences of courage and fear that we thrive. A child begins to acquire wisdom at about the time it scorches its fingers and thereafter dreads the candle flame. How long do you suppose the child would last if burned fingers only made it courageous so it would go to the fire again and again? When you see a person with equal allotments of courage and fear, you see one who is balanced. A person with excess of either is described as a little "off," or not quite right in the head. For 40 years Germany fed herself on beer and courage until she spilled that war on the world. Where is Germany today? Courage was the religion of the North American Indian. What is the Indian's standing in the land of his forefathers now? White men easily acquired his lands with some beads, whiskey and a little fighting; not that the whites were more courageous, but they were more intelligent. For several years past an increasing number of half-cooked, sunny-side-up propagandists have been advocating the abolition of fear, thinking the human race would become fine and dandy without it. They might as well advocate the abolishment of the clouds, which at intervals shield us from the sun, giving us moisture and respite from its incessant rays. Show those anti-fear propagandists the place in the Book where it says: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." For that matter, fear of the devil might also be excellent.

The initiated no longer regard seriously such phrases as 100 per cent American, or other 100 per cents. You remember your teacher at school told you you could not put pure gold in your pocket or in your purse, because pure gold is like face powder or axle grease or something that could not be handled like a coin. Pure gold has to be mixed with certain "base" metals to give it hardness and cohesion.

Some men and women have singular ambitions and desires. You have heard about the gentleman who confided to his lady friend his prideful longing to throw an egg at an electric fan. You have seen the goat that would butt a stone wall. I have a few passions. One is to throw a bucket of tea at foolishness. It is not that I am unfoolish. It's just a way I have of expressing affection.

Alexander L. Pach, traveled and informed as he is, seems astonished that a traveler should be robbed of his book of express checks at a Y. M. C. A. That is nothing. I know a man who lost his shirt at a "Y." After fruitless parleying with several shifts of clerks the matter was taken one Sabbath morning to the police station, where all the satisfaction obtained was assurance that they were nice people at the Y. M. C. A. Not very long ago, in one of the largest cities in the west a Y. M. C. A. building became so unsavory as a gathering place of crooks and suspicious persons the police raided it. Doors and windows were guarded and the officers combed out of the crowd a wagon load of men who could not satisfactorily explain themselves. One can go to almost any licensed hotel where he is not known and save pother by paying a week's room rent in advance without taking receipt. There is practically no danger of any attempt to collect the rent a second time for the period paid for. A man with enough intelligence to run a hotel simply does not care to be observed in a dispute over the question of whether or not rent has been paid. "Be sure to get your receipt" is an admonition not frequently heard around Y. M. C. As. However, if Mr. Pach still looks as he did when I, as a small boy, knew him, he could never have been hanging around a "Y" much anyhow.

Five dollars is much money, but the blush of bashfulness mounts the bachelor's cheek when he is urged to compete for any prize for the best composition on how a wife can help her husband. Perhaps the next prize will be on how a husband can help his wife. Diagrams and blue prints would seem hardly opportune when everybody knows that "love will find a way."

FRANK M. HOWE.

ATHLETICS

Edited by F. A. Moore

(Articles pertaining to sports in connection with the deaf will be welcomed by this department)

Albert G. Munro. By Nemo



HIS article is a story of the success in athletics achieved by a man handicapped by bad vision, poor hearing, light weight and short stature. He, however, did so well that he was advised to play in professional soccer in Great Britain. On an all-Canadian selection for soccer hockey, base-ball, ice skating, sprinting, he would have been a first choice. If a deaf-mute of difficult vision, short stature and light weight can compete successfully against physically perfect athletes trained to the minute in team work and tactics, there is encouragement for any one who will persist against odds. The factor in his success has been his intense concentration on his work with his whole being. Impossibility is but another word for ignorance, for when we discover a way the impossible becomes possible or certain. Will is an important factor in success in any thing. Genius is inspiration in ninety-nine per-cent. Genius is capacity for work. So in his abilities this deaf-mute is a genius.

The stocky, fat, gray haired, near sighted, quite man of today, with a bay window, does not suggest the trim agile powerful, watchful athlete of Canadian days. But looks do not always betray the temper.

He entered the Belleville, Ontario, Canada, School for Deaf at the age of eight years, in 1881, and left in 1887, to open a shoe-shop in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Having eyes that see well only directly in front, he always thought every body was the same way. He could not understand how the children could run and play in dim light. Being very watchful, he at last found they seemed to have better vision. Being sensitive to ridicule, he was careful and conducted himself so he was never suspected of defective vision. In school, by keeping his attention concentrated on the teacher, he managed to get by without trouble. By noting carefully every thing in day time and remembering it, he was enabled to make his way in the dark. Finding other pupils with poor sight being made the butt of jokes, he never talked of sight.

He played centerfield in baseball at the School, made good and utilized his speed to back up the left and right fielders, if he found at any time that he could not see well because of dimming light, he managed to get away to avoid discovery

of bad vision. He later pitched, and because of habitual and enforced concentration on work and play, developed control, speed and an assortment of pitches that made him a winning pitcher. The hits made off him were mostly infield. With men on bases he wasted no time in winding up, snapped the ball to the catcher or baseman without any preliminary motion. His defective vision made him watch the opposing pitcher so closely he never lost sight of the ball, and he was set so

he started with the hit ball and beat the throw to the first base. The same trait enabled him to steal bases. Against the speediest pitcher in that league, Bradford of Rochester International, he was the only one to make a safe hit and to steal second, third and home bases in succession. He was captain some time and coached the nines so they were never beaten.

In football he was aggressive, alert, quick, accurate, powerful. Like a cat he always kept or landed on his feet. The team was almost never beaten.

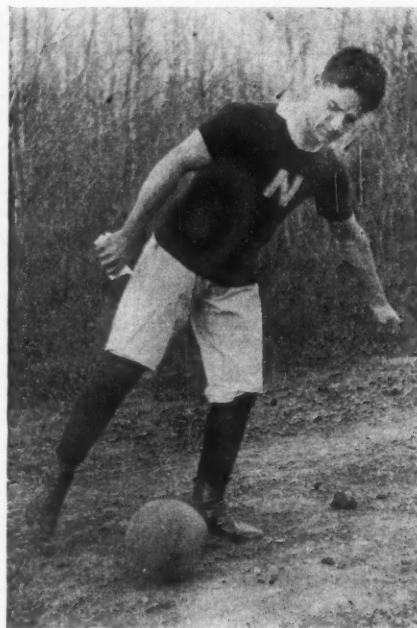
In Winnipeg, work in his shoe-shop kept him indoors, but he played from 5 to 8 or later if the light was right. He pitched for the Nationals first and later for the Northern Pacifics in the Winnipeg District League, always winning, but he was worked so often he had to quit to save his arm.

One time he watched league soccer and got in for exercise. Quickly picking up the fine points of the game, he was in-

duced to join the Nationals, and by his all around work brought them the championship three years. His speed, dodging, blocking, dribbling earned him columns of favorable comment in the Winnipeg papers. He practically made all the scoring. He had the trick of knocking an opponent off his feet by heaving up at the impact.

Later he joined a team in the College League. The other teams were too well trained in team work, so he was unable to score, but he was able to prevent them from scoring. In this league he broke one opponent's leg in two places. But he was protested as not a college man. His playing made the team and it won or tied, but never was beaten, with him out, it petered out.

The professional soccer players enthused about him and wanted him to enter the professional league in Great Britain.



ROBERT G. MUNRO

He was quick to learn hockey and was one of the best bats, but played only in day time in outside rinks.

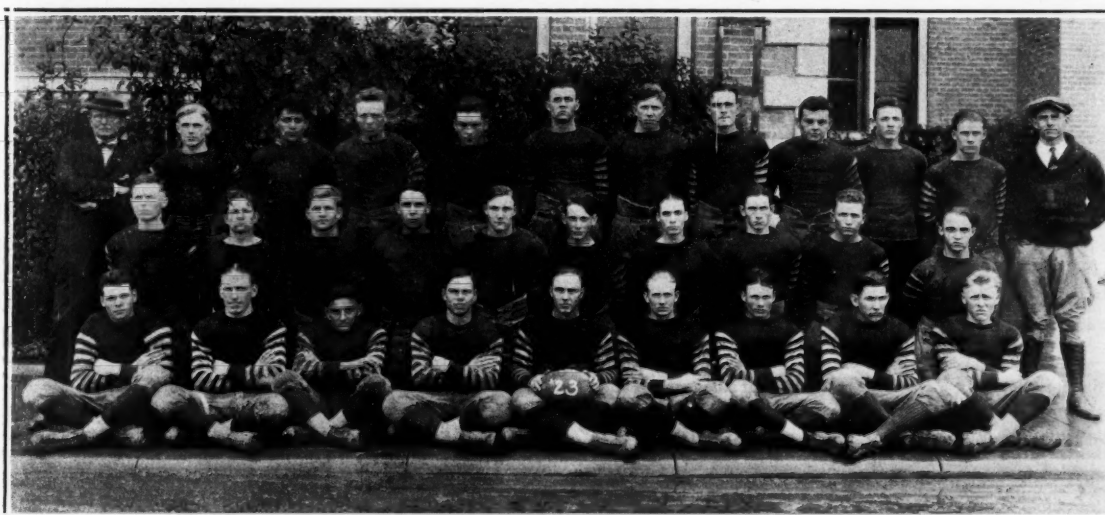
At the ice carnival he was entered in the sprints in the novice class after he had looked over the rink one night and thought he could see well enough. He had on Joe Donoghue ice skates that were suitable for straight dashes, but were too low to bite the ice on turns. By sprinting on the tips at the start, he got a lead and increased it. His eagerness to make one lap over his only rival caused him to turn too sharply. He slipped and slid heavily against the outer wall. He was shaken and his ankles strained so he gave up. But the papers gave him credit for forcing the pace against odds and for having lost the race at the last lap through a bad accident. He once tried his mettle against the amateur ice skating champion of the world, who was unable to shake him off. He has a record of 100 yards in 10 seconds in his

socks on grass. He could vault over six tables. He could do a somersault in the air with feet only. He has swum 58 yards under the sea.

This tale shows the triumph of will power over eyes with defective vision, eyes that are not able to see to the sides. It was by keeping his eyes on the main thing, concentrating his whole attention on the main thing, by disregarding all obstacles, that he made a name in Belleville and Winnipeg.

He has also beaten many good checker experts, and knows enough about chess to make near-champions uneasy.

He moved to Vancouver, British Columbia, in 1906, and to San Francisco in 1910, coming to Los Angeles eight months later. For two years he has been running his own shoe shop on the corner of De La Vina and Haley Streets, Santa Barbara, California. He is Scottish by descent, and his name is Albert G. Munro.



TEXAS FOOT BALL TEAM

FOOTBALL TEAM TEXAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF

1923 Season			
RECORD			
T. S. D.....	0	Temple High School.....	13
T. S. D.....	0	Allen Academy.....	13
T. S. D.....	0	S. M. B. A.....	35
T. S. D.....	27	St. Edwards Preps.....	0
T. S. D.....	26	San Marcos H. S.....	7
T. S. D.....	6	Texas High School.....	0
T. S. D.....	9	S. M. B. A.....	0
T. S. D.....	7	Austin High School.....	27
<hr/>			
Total.....	75	Total.....	95

The 1923 team at T. S. D. no doubt will rank with one of the strongest in the history of the Texas School, for although they only managed to break even in the number of games won and lost, yet there are certain conditions to be taken into consideration.

The first game of the year with Temple High School was played before the team had practiced more than 3 days, and were not in condition to play. The Temple team having had month's practice. The delay on the part of T. S. D. in getting into practice, was caused by the action of the Board of Control in changing Supts. right at the opening of school and as no coach had been selected the team was two weeks getting started, last year they were defeated 41 to 0 by Temple under similar conditions.

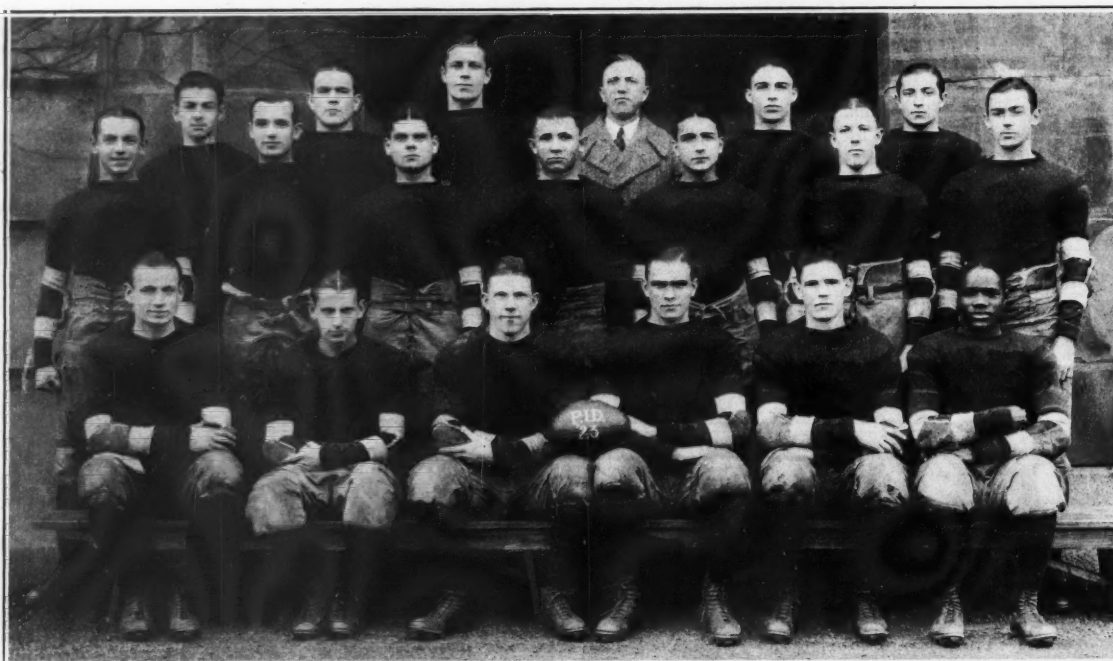
The second game with Allen Academy was played with Captain Harry Rudolph and several other players injured, and the game was played less than a week after the game with Temple, and resulted in almost the entire squad being crippled. The Allen Academy team greatly outweighed T. S. D. and their great size had something to do with the score, then too the game was played at Bryan, Texas. (I saw Allen Academy in action in Dallas, and know they were 20 pounds heavier than T. S. D.)

With the entire first team injured, the team played San Marcos Baptist Academy in San Marcos, and was defeated 35 to 0.

The team came to life however after Mr. Roger Powell a former Texas Aggie Star, had begun to coach and turned in four straight wins before losing the final game to A. H. S. on Clark field in a sea of mud, fumbles paved the way for all Austin High School's scores.

The fact that T. S. D. defeated the Baptist Academy 9 to 0 after being beat by them earlier in the year 35 to 0 shows that the team really was strong, and their feat in Rubbing Texas Shorthorns in the mud 6 to 0, speaks wonders for the team, this is a feat no T. S. D. team has been able to accomplish in the last 15 or 20 years. When the writer was in school it was a habit for the Shorthorns to run roughshod over the Silents always winning by onesided scores such as 54 to 0.

Much credit for this year's team must be given to Mr. Roger Powell their new coach. TROY E. HILL Ex, T. S. D.



KEY TO P. I. D. FOOTBALL GROUP 1923

Front row sitting, left to right—Schickling, r. g.; Evans, q. b.; (1924 Capt. Elect) Wadleigh, l. t. and 1923 Cap. Minter, Center; Marshall, r. t.; Sheppard, l. h. b. Middle row standing left to right—Grabowski, r. e.; Daniel, r. e.; N. Eby, l. e.; Grancack, g.; Ramella, f. b.; and student mgr., Mahon, r. h. b.; Morrow, l. g. Back row standing, left to right—Cohen, Sub., g. b.; Yiengst,

OUR 1923 FOOTBALL TEAM

The season just passed has been the best in a number of years due to the spirit of all the members of the squad and genuine team-work, as a whole. Team-work enthusiasm, loyalty to school and a heart that loves the old game will surmount many hard obstacles during the course of a season and our boys have done this very thing in completing the recent schedule. The season's record follows:

P.I.D.	OPPONENTS	
32.....	Tredyffrin-Eastern H. S.	0
12.....	Camden High School	0
0.....	Germantown High School	0
26.....	Bryn Athyn Academy	6
0.....	Pennsylvania University 2nd Scrubs	0
13.....	Allentown Prep School	32
21.....	National Farm School	0
52.....	LaSalle Prep School	0
47.....	Montgomery C. D. School.....	0
20.....	P. I. D. Alumni	0

223

38

Every player in the squad was awarded his Varsity letter, except three, and these were awarded Junior Varsity letters. Edward Wadleigh the '23 Capt. was awarded tackle position on the Philadelphia All Scholastic Mythical eleven. He was very worthy of this honor, being a tireless worker, an inspiring leader and a demon on both offense and defense. Edward Evans the 127 pound quarterback has been elected 1924 captain. He placed tenth with 90 points among a list of one hundred twenty-eight Pennsylvania schoolboys, quite an honor for a deaf boy. Sheppard and Mahon were also well up in this list, the former with 63 points and the latter with 33, a creditable showing for deaf boys in competition with the best schools for hearing boys in the Keystone State.

The average weight of the Varsity players (stripped) at the start of the season was one hundred forty-five pounds. At the time of the ninth game the average weight dropped four and one-half pounds. The only game that was lost to a team that averaged thirty-five to forty pounds more per man than

P.I.D. They had five inches average on us in height and three and one-half years at least in age per man. Even at that we had them very much at the end of the first half with the score 6 to 0 in favor of the deaf boys. In the last period their weight and height began to tell on us and with many subs in the P.I.D. lineup to save regulars from injury when we saw it was a lost cause, they beat us for the first and only loss of the season. It was a battle Allentown Prep said they would long remember. The two Saturdays previous to this game, Prep School had shut out and scored ninety-six points on two worthy opponents. The romp they looked forward to with the deaf boys team did not materialize.

One nearby school team scheduled and contracted to play P. I. D. got a case of fright when they saw the deaf warriors looming up as a very strong contender to their championship hopes and without any discussion called off the game. The fact that reports were circulated to the effect that "P.I.D. had a team of giants and all of college age," leads us to insert this paragraph in defense of the very high standards of this school and their fine spirit of genuine sportsmanship as attested by many of our opponents. It may be of interest to have the facts made plain—as to weight, the heaviest player on the team weighed 160 lbs.; the lightest 127 lbs., the average was 145. The average height was five feet six and one-quarter inches. The average age was eighteen and—note this please—no boy who has reached his twenty-first birthday may play on any athletic team at Mt. Airy and he leaves school also at this age.

Wadleigh, Marshall, Minter and Daniel, all strong linemen graduate in June. There is possibility of a few others leaving, but we hope not. We have almost completed a very heavy schedule for 1924 and we hope to build on the foundation laid in the season just closed. The games already scheduled for 1924 are as follows:—Oct. 4, Coatesville H. S. at home; Oct. 10, Germantown H. S. away; Oct. 17, West Phila., Cath. H. S. away; Oct. 25, La Salle Prep at home; Nov. 1, Tredyffrin-Easttown H. S. away; Nov. 8, National Farm School at home; Nov. 14, Montgomery Country Day School at home.

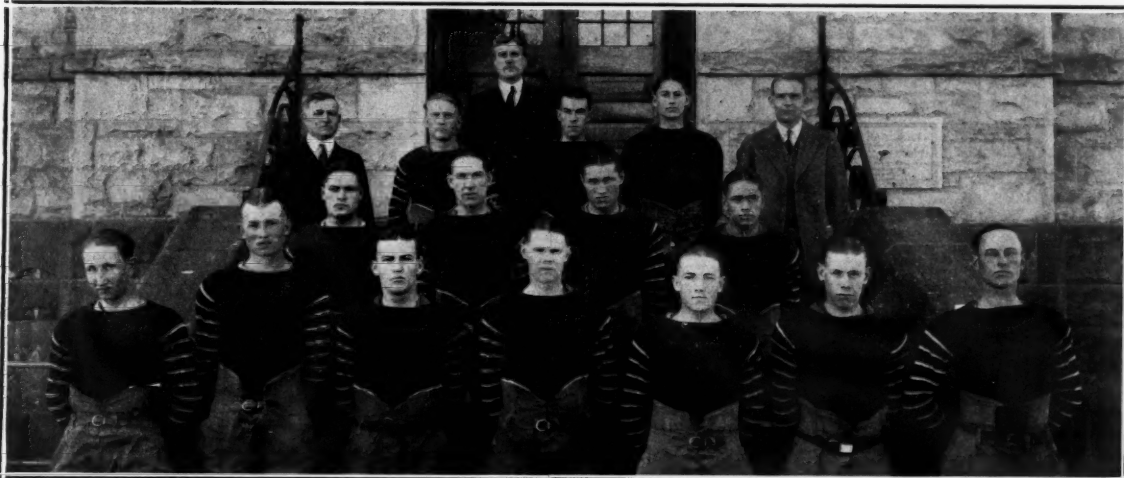
Open dates are Sept. 27, Nov. 22 and 27. The hardest date

to fill each year is Thanksgiving Day, at home. In conclusion, it is interesting to note briefly the record of the gridiron warriors representing the Mount Airy School, keeping in mind that we never select a "soft" schedule but play the best high schools, prep schools and academies in and around the City of Philadelphia. Their record during the past six years is as follows:—Won thirty games, lost fourteen and

tied five. P.I.D. in these games scored a total of one thousand and forty-six points to their opponents' four hundred and two. The deaf boys who played in the games compiling the above potent facts need not blush for shame when football records is the topic under discussion.

CORBETT T. ARNOLD.

P. I. D., Mount Airy, Pa.

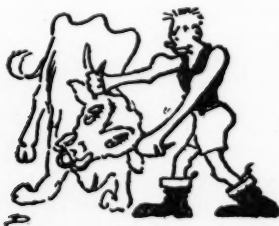


FOOTBALL TEAM AT THE COLORADO SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND BLIND, COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

A COMPOSITE ATHLETIC RECORD

Editor Silent Worker:

I have received the Sport Number of your magazine and have read with care each of the many articles relating to the past performances at dear old Siwash. To my surprise and



mortification I have found no reference to my own long series of records—stunts. Can it be possible that jealousy prompted their suppression? That was my first thought; but I now believe it was due whol'y to an oversight.

Had I anticipated such an omission I might have supplied you with photographs (sub-rosa, of course,) picturing my numerous Siwash activities in the athletic line. They would have filled much space in your incomparable periodical. At this late date, however, if you care to publish it, I will supply you with a sketch epitomizing the whole of these activities in one composite illustration.

ERSATZ V. RITAS.

o—o—o

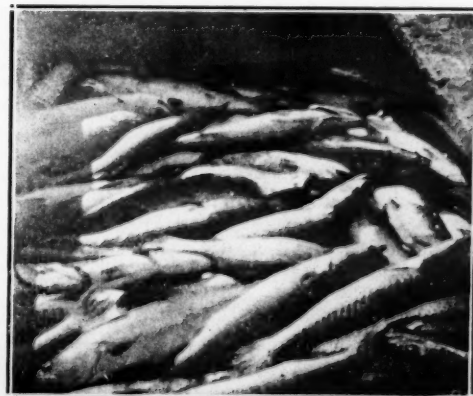
"Oh, what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent."

HOW ABOUT OTHERS?

Some time ago the Alabama School claimed to have the youngest football team of any school in the country—a bare-foot squad. We are getting ready to claim the distinction of having the youngest basket-ball team, too, some of the players on which are only about four feet tall. Quite a stunt for a player that size to drop 'em through the basket!—*McFarlane in Ala. Messenger.*

The New Jersey school has possessed since time immemorial a team or teams of first or second year pupils often considerably under four feet, and in consequence has always boasted of an unusually good Senior team. Several years ago one of our small teams went through two consecutive seasons without a defeat, participating in no less than 38 games—and would have continued the stunt if the players had not outgrown themselves.

o—o—o



THE CATCH OF W. T. JOHNSON'S FISHING PARTY, TALLADEGA, ALA.

Gallaudet Athletics in the Early Eighties

(Intended for, but arrived too late for the All Sports Number)

By OLOF HANSON



THE STAR athletes during my College days were Wm. Brookmire, '85; Thomas Lynch, '86, and Albert Berg, '86.

Other players that come to my mind were J. L. Smith, '83; T. F. Fox, '83; B. R. Allabough, '84; P. J. Hasenstab, '85; S. G. Davidson, '85; J. H. Cloud, '86; A. F. Adams, '86; C. O. Dantzer, '86; Robert S. Lyons, '87;

Our principal opponents were Georgetown University, The University of Virginia, at Alexandria, John Hopkins University, Baltimore, and the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

The Annapolis boys were such gentlemanly fellows and treated us so handsomely that, although they usually beat us, we enjoyed playing with them more than with any other of our opponents.

Brookmire, '85, was a speedy sprinter, and played baseball as well as football. But skating was his forte, and his bright nickel plated skates were the envy of the boys, and the admiration of the girls.

"Jumbo" Lynch, '86, was the outstanding figure of our day. Being big, strong, and active, he was a tower of strength at football and baseball. In playing football, he would buck the line with all the fierceness at his command, and it took five or six of the opposing team to stop him. Especially did he do great work with our ancient foes at Alexandria. When he got the ball they would yell "Look out for Jumbo." Jumbo was a giant elephant in Barnum's circus at the time, and the name was a household word.

In baseball Tom Lynch was equally great. He played both pitcher and catcher. Not infrequently when the game waxed hot he would throw away both mask and gloves and play unprotected. It is a wonder that he was not injured. Tom passed away many years ago. How strange that this fine strong fellow should be one of the first of his class to go.

Albert Berg, '86, was especially noted for his educated toe which sent the pigskin sailing beautifully through the air. He was also handy with the bat.

The college gymnasium was completed in 1881, and the class of '86 was the first that had the benefit of it throughout its college career. This probably accounts for the fine development of the class. The bowling alley at first was very popular. Then it fell into disuse, and was scarcely touched for some years.

Smith, '83, and Fox, '83, I remember chiefly for their taking part in hare and hound cross country runs. They were long on wind and endurance, also on argument in debating in the Lit.

Allabough, '84, lent dignity to football. Hasenstab, '85, as quarter back was alert and active, especially when ladies were watching the game. Dantzer, '86, on the scrimmage line sometimes believed in the motto of the marines, treat them rough. Cloud, '86, sometimes essayed playing short stop, but the ball had a provoking way of getting between his legs



OLOF HANSON

and out in the backfield. His favorite game was tennis. By the way, is not it noteworthy that so many of our leading ministers were prominent athletes in their day.

The writer, a member of the class of '86, played football, baseball, and tennis. Kendall Green had beautiful lawns, and was the scene of Washington's annual tennis tournament. The diplomatic corps and the elite of Washington society would come to these tournaments, and Kendall Green presented scenes of beauty and animation. The only deaf who entered these tournaments were Mr. Adams and the writer. We played against Mr. Angell and Mr. Chickering, our gymnasium instructor. At first the game was pretty even, but our antagonists, knowing more about the game than we did, played to wear us out, for which we were not prepared, so we lost the game.

Football was a new game at this time, and had not developed into the science it is now.

Students from Yale, Amherst, and Princeton, whose homes were in Washington, usually would get up a team and play us when they were home for the Thanksgiving holidays. From them we learned many tricks that stood us in good stead in besting our opponents in the District of Columbia. They seemed to take pleasure in teaching us, and rejoiced in our victories over others.

An especially interesting game was one in which the Harlan boys, sons of Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court, took part. One of them was a particularly big and strong fellow. He would get the ball under his left arm, and when our men rushed to tackle him he would, with his free right hand give them a slight push on the right shoulder. Before they knew it they would be spinning around and sprawling on the ground while he rushed down the field leaving a trail of sprawling would-be tacklers behind him. That was before the science of low tackling was invented.

It was in the fall of 1883 that we had our first football uniforms, and we made them ourselves, sewing them of heavy striped canvas. They were made to fit tight, so our opponents could not get a good hold of them when tackling us. Our football caps were knit by Miss Lulu Chickering, now Mrs. Beadell, and some other faculty ladies. The first ones were very small, and the distinctive feature about them was that when we started to run they would fall off. Later ones were made larger to fit the head nicely.

One of our popular sports was hare and hound cross country runs. Many of us wore our football uniforms, whose black and white stripes made them very conspicuous. One of our runs took us past the U. S. Penitentiary. The farmers, seeing a lot of fellows in stripes running through their fields thought that the convicts in the penitentiary had broken loose, and notified the police to that effect. Before long a number of mounted policemen came galloping through the fields in



GALLAUDET "HARES AND HOUND RUN," OCT. 21, '83. AFTER FOUR MILES ONE "HARE" WAS CAUGHT

front of us, fired their guns in the air, and ordered us to stop. Explanations were soon made and the police saw their mistake. But they said that the farmers were scared to death, and we were compelled to return home by the main road, instead of following the paper trail through the fields. After that our cross country runs were made in other directions than the penitentiary.

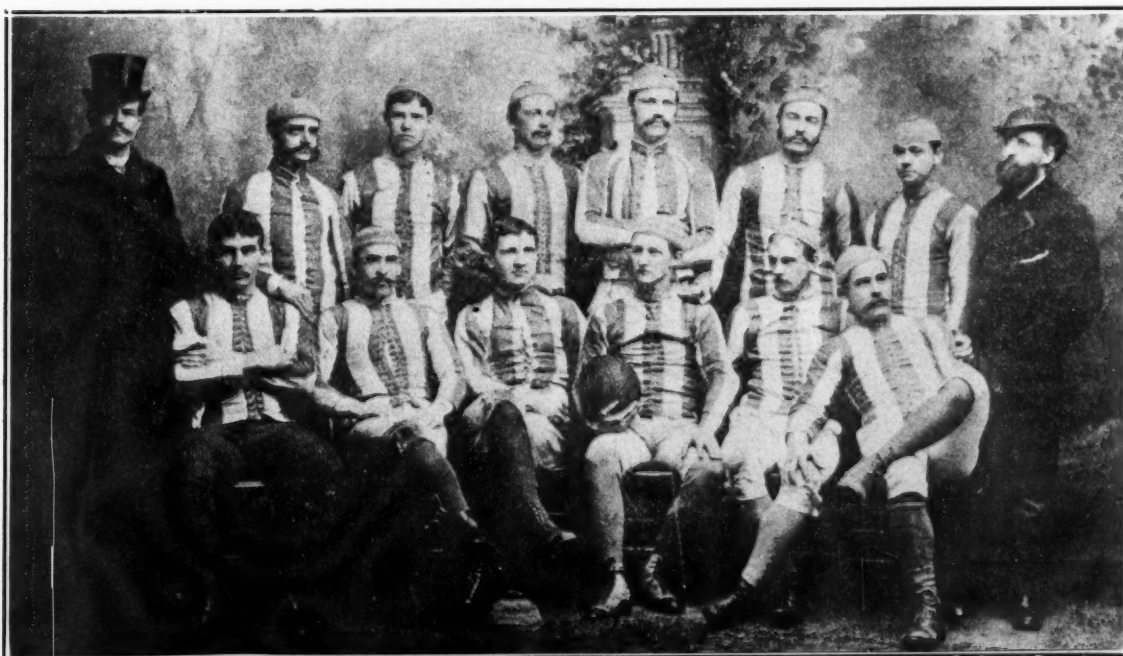
The first Gallaudet football team in uniform was in 1883. Those shown in the picture are, from left to right, Standing: B. R. Allabough, Manager, Charles Kearney, T. Hyde (?), Olof Hanson, Robert S. Lyons, (from Ireland), S. G. Davidson, A. H. Spaar, Prof. J. B. Hotchkiss, coach. Sitting: Thomas Lynch, "jumbo;" William Brookmire, Albert Berg, Philip J. Hasenstab; Frank Angell, (hearing man, friend of Mr. Chickering), and Jack Chickering, gymnasium instructor.

Bicycle riding was a great sport when the Star bicycle with the little wheel in front replaced the old syle Columbia with the big wheel in front. The Kendall Green Bicycle Squad shown

in the picture taken in 1885 is composed of the following, from left to right: Mr. A. D. Bryant, Prof. A. G. Draper, Jack Chickering, N. F. Morrow, Prof. J. B. Hotchkiss, Mr. James Denison, Prof. E. A. Fay (on tricycle), Hearing visitor (?), C. L. Washburn, A. F. Adams, Olof Hanson (in black hat), H. L. Stafford, Edson Gallaudet.

How did the riders balance while the picture was taken? A string to one side, barely visible, did the trick.

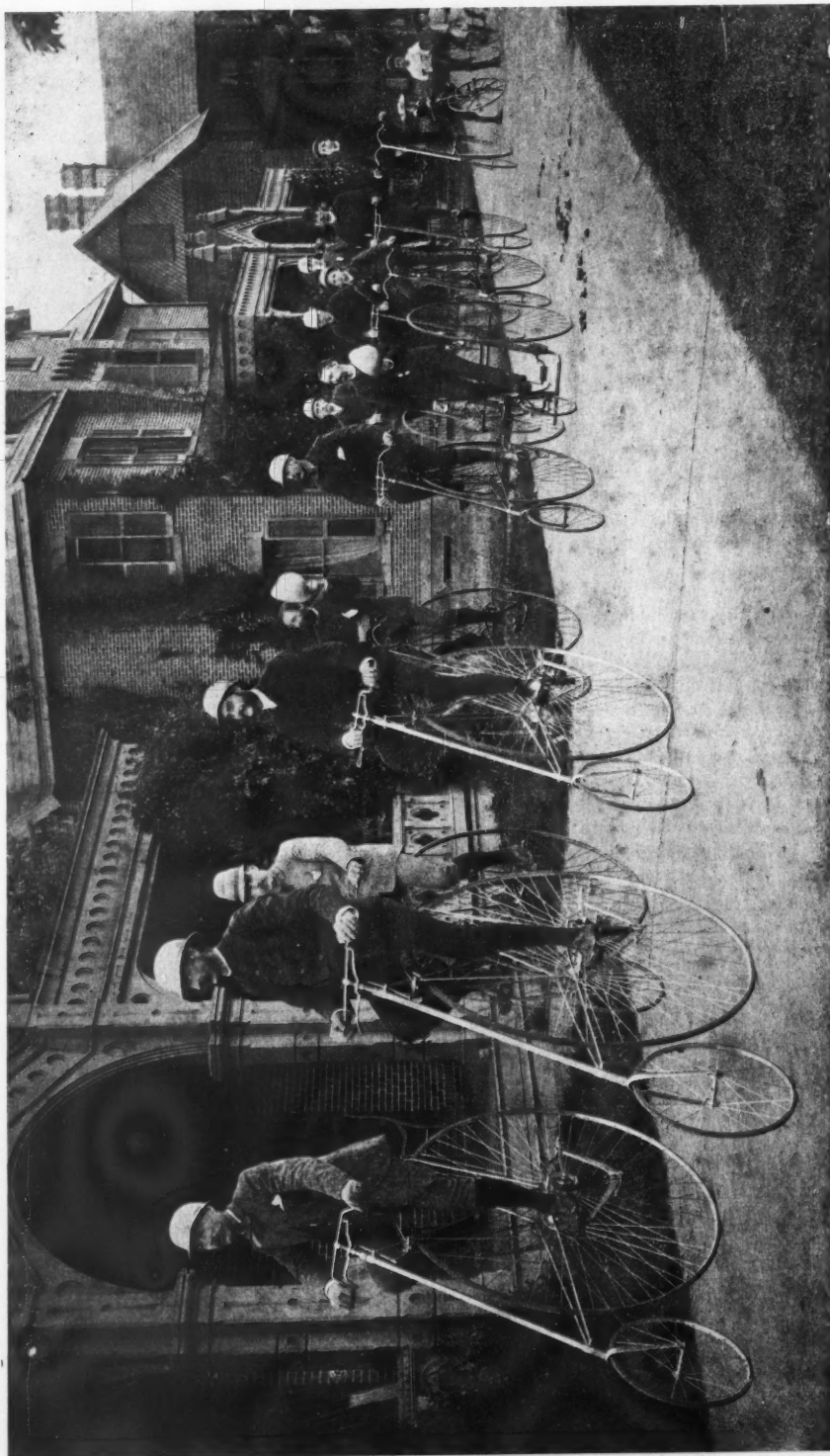
The star was a wonder for safety and balance, and was popular until replaced by the modern bicycle with two equal size wheels. Caddie Washburn was a dare-devil, and used to ride his Star up and down the terraces in a way that seemed a sure temptation to break his neck. Cross country runs over rough roads were frequent and polo playing on the Star was a popular pastime. For trick and fancy riding I have seen nothing to equal the Star. A skillful rider could pull up the little front wheel and balancing on the large wheel alone could ride among a maze of bottles or glasses without breaking or upsetting any of them.



GALLAUDET FOOTBALL TEAM IN THE FALL OF 1883

Standing, left to right—B. R. Allabough, mgr.; Chas. Kearney, T. Hyde (?), Olof Hanson, Robert S. Lyons, of Ireland, S. G. Davidson, A. H. Spaar (?), Prof. J. B. Hotchkiss, coach. Sitting—Thomas Lynch, "jumbo;" William Brookmire, Albert Berg, Philip J. Hasenstab; Frank Angell, (hearing man, friend of Mr. Chickering), and Jack Chickering, gymnasium instructor.

Kendall Green Bicycle Squad in 1885



Left to right—A. D. Bryant, Prof. A. G. Draper, Jack Chickering, N. F. Morrow, Prof. J. B. Hotchkiss, James Denison, Prof. E. A. Fay (on tricycle),
Hearing visitor (?), C. L. Washburn, A. F. Adams, Olof Hanson (in black hat), H. L. Stafford, Edson Gallaudet

Illinois Alumni Reunion



THE ILLINOIS ALUMNI ASSOCIATION'S four-day Reunion took place at the Illinois State School for the Deaf June 7-10, 1923. The following program was carried out:

PROGRAM

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 8 P.M.

Invocation.—Reverend Hasenstab.

Reading of the call of the Alumni Reunion—Mrs. F. Faulkner, of Cairo.

Address of welcome—Col. O. C. Smith, Miss Grace Hasenstab interpreter.

Address of welcome—Principal T. V. Archer.

Address of welcome—Judge C. H. Jenkins.

Reponse for the Alumni—Mrs. Faulkner.

Response for the State Association of the Deaf—Frank Johnson of Chicago.

Announcement of Committees by the President—Mrs. Hasenstab.

Miscellaneous Announcements—Coach Robey Burns.

Appointments of committees for enrollment, auditing, necrology, revision and resolutions.

Reception in the parlors and electric lighted front lawn.

FRIDAY MORNING, JUNE 8TH 9:30 A. M.

Invocation—Reverend Hasenstab.

Reading of minutes of preceding reunion.

Poem, Alumni—Read by Mrs. F. Fawcner.

Address of the president.

Reports of officers.

Reports of committees—Gillett Memorial, Teachers' Memorial.

Reading of letters.

Paper, "What Your Alma Mater Has Done for You in the Last Fifty Years"—Miss S. F. Wood.

New business.

Luncheon—12 noon.

Baseball game at Illin field—2:30 P.M.

Races and contests for all.

Balloon ascension—7:00 P.M. Donated by Col. O. C. Smith.

Gymnastic exhibition by some boys and girls, magic tricks by Stanley Bondick—8 P.M.

Frat smoker at the gym—10 P.M.

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 9TH, 9:30 P.M.

Invocation.

Reading of minutes of previous meeting.

Unfinished business.

Reports of committees—Enrollment, Necrology, Auditing, Revision.

Paper, "Visions of Our Future Athletics—S. Robey Burnes. (Requested by outsiders.)

Election of officers.

New business.

Report of committee on resolutions.

Adjournment Sine Die.

Benediction.

Luncheon—12 noon.

Sight seeing, auto (probably)—2 P.M.

Banquet—7:30 P.M.

SUNDAY MORNING JUNE 10TH 10:00 A.M.

Chapel services—The Reverend J. H. Cloud, D. D., the Reverend H. S. Rutherford.

Visit to the grave of the late Dr. P. C. Gillett.

Dinner—1:00 P.M.

About 120 guests were present at the first day's session in the chapel.

Short Greeting Talks—Miss Frances Wood and D. W. George.

After the program was carried out the guests adjourned to the reception rooms and the lawn and the general reception was held.

Everything was arranged perfectly for the comfort of the guests even to a bulletin board in the main hall announcing all of the principal events daily.

During the evening it was announced that on account of Commencement exercises at the Iowa School it was impossible to get the baseball team here for the Saturday game, so the fast team from Hyde Park high school was obtained as foes of the deaf boys.

Another announcement that was received with applause was that the Chamber of Commerce promised to furnish thirty cars for a sight-seeing trip around Jacksonville in the afternoon.

After the chapel meeting in the morning of the third day the guests were treated to a fine dinner, after which they enjoyed the sights of Jacksonville in the afternoon in autos which were very kindly donated by the local Chamber of Commerce. This was followed by races and sports on the athletic field and after their supper they were entertained in the chapel by a special program at which Stanley Bondick, a pupil at the school gave an exhibition in a sleight-of-hand and legerdemain which was equal of any professional. This was followed at ten o'clock by a frat smoker and "Goat" initiation for frats only. As the sign in the main hall reads "Of course you can sit up all night and chat if you want to," from appearances a great many were preparing to live up to most of the instructions.

In the afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the baseball team met the Hyde Park high school team. This game was opened to the public. The school lineup for the game was: Dillard, cf; Rose, 3b; Massinkoff, ss; Schrader, lf; Mannen, 1b; Cole, rf; Miller, 2b; E. Carlson, c; Sellers or G. Carlson, p. Clark of the local Indees will hold the indicator. The Hyde Park team will arrive on the Wabash at 6:30 this morning and will be guests of the school during the day.

The balloon ascension occurred in the evening at 6:45 o'clock from the grounds of the school.

At the business session, July 10, the following list of officers were elected to serve for the period of three years

Mrs. J. F. Meagher, Chicago, President.

Thomas Hainline, Elkhart, First Vice-President.

William Johnston, Bloomington, Second Vice-President.

William Henry Mathers, Jacksonville, Treasurer.

Miss Anna Roper, St. Louis, Secretary.

The set of resolutions, embodying the action of the association on all important matters under discussion in the convention, is appended below:

RESOLUTIONS.

1. *Resolved*, That our thanks are due and tendered the administration of the school for courtesies extended us during our stay at our Alma Mater.

2. *Resolved*, That our thanks are due and tendered the local committee for the excellent arrangements made for our amusement.

3. *Resolved*, That our thanks are due and tendered the Jacksonville Chamber of Commerce for providing automobiles for our sightseeing tour.

4. *Resolved*, That we endorse the National Fraternity Society of the Deaf as worthy of confidence and affiliation with.

5. *Resolved*, That the Alumni association views with great pleasure the earnest effort to direct the pupils in physical culture and give them scientific instruction in athletic sports.

6. *Resolved*, That it is the sentiment of the Alumni association that our school should be under the State Superintendent of Schools.

7. WHEREAS, The General Assembly in session has not

arranged a legislative visit to the school in the near past time, be it.

7. *Resolved*, That the Alumni Association of the Illinois School for the Deaf formally express its desire for the General Assembly for such visits.

8. *Resolved*, That it is the sentiment of the Alumni Association that at least one of the teachers of our school should be a graduate of Gallaudet College.

WHEREAS, Since the last reunion changes have been made in the managing officer and also in the principal and teaching corps of the school and therefore in the general policy of managing the school, and

WHEREAS, Miss Frances Wood, the dean of the teaching officer and the principal have mapped out the past achievements made since their appointment and the purpose yet to be fulfilled to the extent of their ability, and then called for our co-operation, and,

WHEREAS, Miss Frances Wood, the dean of the teaching faculty in her address on "What the Alma Mater Has Done In the Past Fifty Years," has clearly indicated the constant progress of and the different invocations in the school, be it therefore

Resolved, That the Alumni Association of the Illinois School for the Deaf in its triennial reunion of June 7-10, 1923, desire to express its sympathy with the policy and purpose so indicated, and while aware of human imperfections and forbearing with apparent mistakes which may be swallowed up in the momentum of the progress of the larger purpose and policy, deems its duty to go forth and co-operate as never before with the gathering and teaching corps of the school to the extent of its knowledge and ability, and be further,

Resolved, That the Alumni Association declare its readiness to do its full share co-operating with the general work in all possible ways on a constructive basis of improvement.

MRS. F. MEAGHER,

MRS. E. O. TOWNS,

T. J. HAINLINE,

F. P. FAWKER,

H. S. RUTHERFORD,

Committee.

After witnessing a corking baseball game in the afternoon in which the deaf boys were victorious the guests witnessed a perfect balloon ascension at 6 o'clock by "Griz" Wiswell the local aeronaut.

From the expressions of pleasure signified by all of the visitors this has been one of the most pleasant reunions ever held by the association and the expressions of gratitude toward the local committee and the people of Jacksonville have been practically continuous during their stay here.

The following is the address of welcome, delivered by the president, in signs, and read by her daughter, Miss Grace Hasenstab, who is on the faculty of the school:

"At reunion time, we turn our thoughts to the dear old school as Jacksonville beckons home.

"Jacksonville with its school and college, is fittingly known as an educational center.

"Our school is one of these institutions, located here near the center of the state, its situation making it possible for most of us to make our pilgrimage to our Mecca.

"Here our minds were developed. Here life took on a new meaning for us. Here, we learned what is worth while. We love every brick in this old school home, that stands on the hill. When we come back it is like coming home to mother after a long absence. At the very thought of the reunion faces glow with happiness. "Though the by-laws read that the reunion may be held anywhere in state, I think it well to change them so that it will always occur in Jacksonville.

"From here we went forth to fight and win in the battle of life. Now, weary from the hard-fought battles, we come

home to regain our youth and vitality. We tread on sacred ground as we walk again the grounds where as boys and girls we walked with light steps and hearts. Some today are not as light of steps, but their hearts are light with the same wonderful feeling that we have when we get home to mother. Memories come rushing back at every step. We miss many whose faces we would love to see and hands we should love to clasp. We realize the truth of the poet's words, 'Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.' The death register will tell of these departed ones. It will be well to publish their photographs as well as their names in the memoirs of our proceedings.

"According to our custom, next Sunday afternoon we will decorate the graves of Dr. P. Gillett and the teachers, once connected with the school but now at rest. Some are gone but many are left.

"Here we shall renew old friendships and make new friends. Among the latter, is Colonel O. C. Smith who has invited us to come and cooperate with him. We gladly accept the invitation. We appreciate his appeal for co-operation. We have no disposition to dictate; our purpose is to assist. Many experiences that are new to him are old to us. We are all working for the same goal, a better, bigger, stronger school,

"We regret to see that the number of deaf teachers in the school is decreasing. The oral method is largely used, but there is more to be learned in life than lipreading and speech. From deaf person lingo as M'g fredericw wolfe Model 14, From deaf teachers, the pupils can learn many lessons of life and the problems ahead. Mr. Schoneman and Mr. Burns are splendid examples of what deaf teachers can do and are an inspiration to the boys, but where is the college woman from Gallaudet to be an inspiration to the girls?

"We are proud to see the progress of the school, proud of the athletic department with its fine exhibition and games and with outsiders; happy and proud of the improvement in the *Advance* and would be glad to see more letters in it from outside friends and alumni. We are proud of the new home for the aged deaf now bought and paid for. Its doors will be opened for the first time July 17th.

"Now, again I bid you welcome for these happy days here. We have come a long way and may every moment be filled with happiness and when we separate again for many months, let us go with new strength and carry with us many happy memories of our visit here."

The third day of the Reunion was closed with a banquet Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Sunday morning, the 10th, was spent attending chapel service conducted by Rev. J. H. Cloud, D.D. and Rev. H. S. Rutherford, after which they visited the grave of the late Dr. P. C. Gillett.

BACK TO THE OLD SCHOOL

This poem was read by the author, Mrs. D. T. Fawker, a graduate of the Illinois School for the Deaf, and acting secretary of the Alumni Association, at the opening session of the Association in the school chapel:

Back to the old school
We're trooping today,
With hearts all a flutter,
And faces so gay
To greet 'neath its shelter
Loved school-mates of old.
And feel we are children
Again in its fold.

Back to the old school
In old haunts so dear,
Once again let us gather
From far and from near.

Once more at the old school
 The thought ever sweet,
 'Twas here we gained knowledge
 Life's lessons to meet.

Back to the old school,
 How memory recalls;
 The bright sunny school rooms
 And long study halls.
 All day, then all evening
 With lessons were spent,
 Tho' more were quite likely
 On mischief intent!

We find a few teachers
 Of old are still here,
 While many loved absent
 In memory held dear.
 They patiently taught us,
 While we it is true,
 Oft' shirked many lessons,
 As all kiddies do!

Three cheers for the old school
 And this happy throng!
 God bless you, God keep you,
 As time glides along.
 Then again to the old school,
 Fair her fame ever be
 Year by year she grows dearer
 The old I. S. D.!

France Honors Deaf Wood Carver

Eugene Graff, deaf wood carver, has received the decoration of the Legion of Honor from the French government for forty years' labor among the thousands of persons suffering from the same affliction as he. It undoubtedly was the greatest moment in his life when the Minister of Hygiene pinned the decoration on Graff's breast. Unable to express his thanks verbally, Graff only bowed—to hide his tears.

Twenty years ago, without a sou to his name, Graff walked into Paris from his home in the Meuse to earn enough money to support, or help support, twelve younger brothers. He had learned the trade of wood carving. Soon he was saving enough from his work in the daytime to send something home each week to his parents. Nights he worked at his cherished idea—to build a home for deaf-mutes where all associations for aiding them might be grouped together.

There are 30,000 deaf-mutes in France, of whom one-tenth live in or around Paris. Of this number only 600 are at present being cared for. Graff wishes to gather together the other 2,400, and he is now in a fair way toward the realization of his ideal. He has succeeded in raising enough money to buy a large tract of ground outside the city limits and hopes soon to raise enough for the construction of an adequate building to house all those who wish to live there—*Rochester Advocate*.

Wanted

WHEREABOUTS OF MICHAEL COYNE FORMERLY
 OF MARYLAND

A letter to Michael Coyne, Helena Montana, was returned uncalled for, to Mrs. John A. Trundle, Centreville Maryland.



ELEVENTH TRIENNIAL REUNION OF INDIANA ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF, SEPT. 1, 2, 3, AT STATE SCHOOL, FOR THE DEAF, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

My War Work

By YVONNE PITROIS



SEVERAL times I have been asked by Mr. Oxley, the indefatigable Honorary Secretary of the Guild of St. John of Beverley (of which I am a member,) for an account of my work for the Deaf during the Great War. I have always deferred this task, because I don't like at all to speak about myself and my doings; but, at last, I decide to grant his request, hoping this simple story of work of love inspired and conducted by a lonely deaf young woman, and performed by the Deaf for the Deaf, will encourage some other Deaf to "do their bit," in spite of their heavy handicap, and to help in every way they can their silent brethern.

To begin with, I must tell you that I am a Frenchwoman, and was born in Paris with all my senses.

When I was a little girl of seven, considered bright and promising, and as I know fond of music and singing, a sunstroke prostrated me for three days with a violent attack of fever and I have never heard a sound since, and by-and-by my speech became very deficient. In my misfortune, I still was fortunate enough to possess a dear, devoted mother, who consecrated herself entirely to me for years; and educated me wholly at home. Being very studious by nature, I became thanks to her as advanced at least as many hearing girls of my age. I spent my childhood and girlhood in company of my beloved books without any fellowship with the Deaf, even without thinking there were any others such as myself in existence—excepting Helen Keller, about whom I had read a sketch in a religious paper and in whom I felt, and still feel, a passionate interest!

I was seventeen when, on a charitable visit with my mother to some patients in a hospital, I saw another deaf girl for the first time! As soon as I realized there were persons afflicted as I was, scattered all the world over, my heart went out to them in deep Christian sympathy, and I longed earnestly to give myself to their service, to carry to them a little joy and happiness, to comfort and help them as much as possible. But how could I do so? I almost never left home, and I was so quiet, so unassuming and shy! I thought and prayed over the matter A proverb says: "Where there is a will, there is a way." It was a true word. Already I had begun to write articles and stories for the Protestant press, and was considered a promising young writer. The idea occurred to me to publish in a magazine of the Young Women's Christian Association an appeal, a plea for the Deaf, expressing my loving sympathy for them, and saying how very happy I would be to do something for any of them. A reader answered by indicating to me a deaf girl in a country place, very lonely, to whom I radiantly wrote my first friendly letter My little mission—my life-work—had begun!

One by one, year after year, I searched and gathered into my correspondence circle other deaf girls and women from all parts of France, even foreign countries. Among them were a few men (including a poor Scottish pitman), but, for several



YVONNE PITROIS

reasons, I always preferred to consecrate myself to proteges of the gentler sex. Most of my girls, of course, were very simple and ignorant and I well remember how surprised I was at first to discover that so very few of them could write French correctly, and needed very easy letters to be able to understand them! But they were so touching in their naive affection, their gratitude for their "Sister Yvonne," as they soon called me! Rebuked and despised, as are these poor infirm ones, how rich they are in the things of the heart!

Ten years after the beginning of my mission work, correspondents numbered more than one hundred. Then, on Christmas Eve, 1912, I realized a dream I had entertained from my early youth—I launched the first number of a small magazine intended for my deaf girls—

La Petite Silencieuse. A great deal of my heart was in it! And I did my best from the first—writing every line for it myself—to make a real friend, a sympathetic consoler, a wise counsellor, to each member of my little flock. Many friends had tried to dissuade me from this venture, saying that the Deaf never supported their own press, and that I would not have subscribers enough to pay expenses. But I have a strong will under my calm exterior! I tired, all the same and and surely God has approved my effort, since He made it succeed so well and allowed it to exist to so good a purpose.

A year and a half passed by and, suddenly, the terrible thunderstorm burst in a blue summer sky: WAR!

Oh! the never-to-be-forgotten anxieties of the last days of July, the first days of August—1914! We lived at that time in Bordeaux, the great town of South-Western France. I felt heartbroken when I saw my dear mother, and almost all the ladies of our acquaintance, both young and old, enrolling themselves in the Red Cross army and beginning, with a grave enthusiasm, their noble ambulance work. Never before had the heavy burden I have to bear seemed so overwhelming to me. Why! Because I was deaf, was I condemned to see others make themselves so useful, so helpful, to the victims of the gigantic struggle—and to be unable myself to do anything for the war sufferers, anything for my country, my beloved France? Oh! no! I could not endure this poignant idea! But, once more, the old, anxious question came to my head and heart: What can I do?

During the days following the investment of Belgium and Northern France, daily the papers published long lists of refugees having lost some member of their family in their frantic escape, and giving their names in the hope of finding them again. . . . One day, my eyes fell on this brief, pathetic announcement:—

"Mr. Mathieu Lambert, of Oret, province of Namur, Belgium, now taking refuge in a farm in Kerguewhit, Brittany, is searching for his little daughter, 22 months old accompanied by Zelig Dereine, 58 years old, deaf and dumb."

These words were a ray of light to me! Poor, dear old Zélie! she was the means God had chosen to bring help and comfort into the lives of many deaf victims of the war! In the next issue of *La Petite Silencieuse*, for September, 1914, I told my girls about the terrible onslaught that was dishonoring the whole world: I explained to them, as simply and clearly as I could, the tragedies of the invaded zones, I described to them the awful fate of this poor old Belgian woman, frantically wandering in the night, among glow of fires and the thunder of guns, unable to hear the cries of her companions, bearing in her trembling arms an innocent, terrified baby.... I continued: "My dear little sisters, our deafness prevents our nursing wounded soldiers, as we all would love so much to do. But we can all the same be useful to war sufferers: let us help with all our hearts the refugees, especially women and children, who are the most feeble, the most lamentable among them! I will do my best to seek them out by correspondence, everywhere they have run aground. For you, dear friends, give what you can, send what you can for these afflicted sisters of ours.

I wish those people who disdainfully speak of the selfishness, the indifference of the Deaf, could have seen the result of my appeal! A few days after *La Petite Silencieuse* had appeared, I received a big, heavy parcel containing dresses, shawls, linen clothes, stockings, handkerchiefs, and all sorts of pieces of clothing—not all new, but in excellent condition, carefully washed, ironed, mended.... All these things had belonged to the deaf working girls of a silk factory in the mountains of Savoy; they were sacrificing them gladly for their deaf "sisters of the war!" Never shall I forget my emotion on receiving this humble, touching gift from these dear, brave girls, so poor themselves! In the meantime, a deaf girl-servant in Geneva had sent me 20 francs, a big sum taken from her wages, to be used for the relief of a war sufferer!

Other gifts, both in money and kind, quickly followed. Peasant girls in lonely villages, the girl pupils of a Protestant School for the Deaf, earnestly knitted stockings for the deaf refugees; others sewed linen and clothes intended for women and children; others still sent me their own best blouse or dress "to give to a poor Belgian deaf." A deaf-blind girl offered her dearest treasure—a beautiful handkerchief! Money came, too; pennies and small sums which surely the One Who blessed the widow's mite has tenderly blessed, too.

I was soon the happy custodian of an important fund! But I kept it not for long. I had published in the press offers of help for the deaf refugees, had written to the French and Belgian Relief Committee asking if there were some deaf among the unfortunate refugees they knew.... And the deaf refugees answered from all parts of France where they had found asylum, and even from England or Holland. All wrote to me the same heart-rending story: they had escaped from their burning house, made an awful journey among the crowd of fugitives.... Their fathers, their brothers, were fighting in the trenches.... They had no more money, no more linen, no more clothes.... They now lived in strange, wretched rooms without furniture, without fire... Oh! what a privilege to be able to send to each of them—little girls, young or old women, deaf couples with hearing children—a money-order, a parcel of useful and warm clothing, even a doll or a toy for the little ones! What a privilege, above all, to keep them up by the affection and deep sympathy of their sisters in affliction! Poor things, so neglected in the universal disaster, desolate among the desolate, lonely among the lonely! If *La Petite Silencieuse* had not brought to them words of cheer and comfort, no one would have uttered any to them in their exile.

Soon, however, I realized that my girls, in spite of their touching generosity and self-sacrifice, could not give enough

to support the work for a long period; so I wrote, in English, a little appeal: *Help!* and sent it to my foreign deaf friends in Britain, America and Australia, sending it at the same time in French to friends in Holland, Sweden, Finland.... The result was splendid: all answered! All sent large or small sums, with such hearty and helpful appreciations of my work! I am glad of the opportunity of saying here how I was, and remain, grateful to them, especially to my dear friends of the English-speaking nations. I cannot name them all, but will give a few instances of their kindness. From Britain several of them sent me gifts in money or clothing; the mother of a deaf boy in York (Mrs. Broadley) was especially sympathetic. And a dear, devoted Missioner to the Deaf, Mr. John Brodie, of Edinburgh, assisted by some friends made collections among the Deaf of Scotland, and sent me several important drafts. In America, a teacher at the Columbus (Ohio) School for the Deaf, Miss Bessie Edgar, collected money among her pupils and friends; Mrs. Weston Jenkins did the same among the pupils and staff of the Alabama School; Mr. Francis P. Gibson among the members of "The Frat" Society; the Rev. Charles O. Dantzer among his deaf congregation of Philadelphia; Mr. Henry L. Stafford, of Duluth, Minn., sent me regularly a "tithe" for my proteges; *The Deaf-Mutes' Journal* organized a collection of which the amount—over 3,000 francs—was divided equally between my deaf refugees, the Belgian deaf and the deaf of Rhiems. But among so many kind and generous hearts, the Deaf of far-away Australia proved to be the kindest and most generous of all! They conceived the idea of printing my appeal in the form of a very artistic "souvenir" poster, adorned with the portraits of the Royal Families of Belgium and the flags of the Allies, and they sold it in the streets for the benefit of my refugees. They interested in my work the Government of South Australia, who sent me a grant of £40; they sent themselves, regularly, during all these troubled years, cheques—large or small, representing collections made in their own churches, guilds, clubs and missions. Among the zealous collectors were Mrs. Muir, Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. Williamson for the Deaf of Melbourne; Miss Wilson for the Deaf of Brisbane; and, among the hearing helpers, Mrs. Cox of the Flower Farm, and Miss Stenhouse, a lady living near Adelaide, the only one among all these British friends whom I have the pleasure of knowing personally. A poor old deaf woman in Australia had taken this little mission so much to heart that, when she died, she left a legacy "to the Belgian refugees." Unfortunately, she had forgotten to word it "deaf Belgian refugees;" and, though her friends knew very well she had intended to do so, the lawyer sent the money to the Red Cross of Belgium for its general fund, instead of sending it to me!

On the first Christmas of the war, my adoptive family numbered 30 persons, who received, each of them, an illustrated text and a little postal order as a Christmas gift. In February, 1915, I could do another thing for the poor Belgian Deaf who had remained in their invaded country. Through the medium of a cultured and wealthy deaf couple, M. and Mme. Dresse, of Liege, who were refugees in England, and came later to France, I sent directly to Belgium a first offering of 1,000 francs. This sum safely reached the Mutual Help Society of the Deaf in Liege, which shared it with similar societies in Antwerp, Charleroi, Brussels, Louvain, Ghent and Verviers. The Liege Society was inspired to buy with my money stocks of food which were sold again to the Deaf members at much reduced prices; it was the beginning of the "Deaf Committee for Revictuallings" which proved so useful to the starving Deaf. Later I sent again to Liege 1,500 for the same purpose, or 2,500 francs in all; and other givers, following my example, helped to maintain the committee till the end of the war. I sent also, through Switzerland, 100

francs to the Protestant Church for the Deaf in Brussels, for the old or sick members of this little community.

Year after year I continued my work with quiet perseverance, searching out new deaf refugees, sending to them at regular intervals small sums of money and parcels of clothing, writing words of cheer and encouragement to them, sending them freely *La Petite Silencieuse* so that they might have news of one another—thereby enabling several to find friends they had lost sight of in their flight. Every Christmas, and on every occasion of note, I sent them useful gifts, such as shawls or aprons for women, comforters for men and children. I placed some children in schools for the deaf (among them two Belgian girls in a school in Holland), and paid for a stay at the seaside—ordered by the doctors—for a young Belgian mother and her little boy. I discovered (always by correspondence) a very bright and intelligent deaf-blind girl of eighteen, a Marne refugee, who had never had any connection with other deaf-blind, and succeeded in placing her in the School for the Blind-Deaf of Larnay, where she still lives and is always very happy, as she constantly tells me in the long Braille letters she writes to her “little mother,” as she calls me. Another touching case among so many was this of a hearing man, a French soldier who was a prisoner in Germany, and who happened providentially to read an article about my work for the Deaf. He wrote to recommend to me his deaf little boy, whom he left in France with his mother... and, of course, little Jean was immediately added to my war family!

Well, I was very, very busy all these years, 1914-1918; for I did all myself, and all alone, every item of this labor of love—writing letters of thanks to the helpers, going to banks or the post-office to obtain payment of their donations; helping individually each of my refugees as well as I could, making up the parcels I sent to them (I became by practice a very skilful packer!), going to the railway-station with four or five big parcels at once to be forwarded in every direction! In addition to all this, I kept very careful record of every sum I received and sent, of every one of my expenses. I published my accounts every two months in *La Petite Silencieuse*, so that every one could verify their exactness. I also had to submit them—as every head of an officially-recognised war-work had to do—to the Prefecture of my district (Bordeaux), they were carefully examined, and regularly approved.

I tried all the same to carry on my home and household duties, and my literary work. Among the books I wrote during this tragic period was an account of the heroism of Miss Edith Cavell.

Of course I had many difficulties and an amount of opposition to overcome. If my dear, precious mother and some friends sympathized with my self-imposed task, many persons disapproved it—even, strange to say, among the deaf: saying that deaf refugees were no more to be pitied than any other refugees, that they could work and earn their living as well as the hearing, that they were not worthy of all the care and attention I gave them—and so on, and so on! They simply did not understand.... I never thought of maintaining these poor ones altogether—the means at disposal were far from being sufficient; but my purpose was to help them in a small way; to give them the comforting feeling that they were not alone in the new surroundings so strange to them; to bring them in their sorrows a sunbeam of warm, loving sympathy. And in *this* I succeeded! They were all so brave, poor things! Several of them, during these terrible years, lost their parents and relatives: one had her two brothers killed at the front. But they never lost their patience, their faith in final victory! Of course, several of them disappointed me bitterly; but others compensated me beautifully. Two babies, both little girls, were born during the war to two of my deaf refugee couples; the parents had the touching idea to give them the name of

their war benefactress—both were christened Yvonne!

By the end of 1917, I received over 8,600 francs, and had distributed nearly 7,000 francs to one hundred refugees. I held the remainder in reserve, for I know that the worst times were to come for the poor people when the war was over.... And in fact, after the Armistice, when they were allowed at last to return to their ruined and burned villages, how poignant was their desolation! Many had possessed pretty, cozy homes of their own, prosperous farms, of which they found nothing but calcined ruins and brushwood. I bought and sent to each of them two young fruit-trees to help them to reconstitute their gardens: I sent, too, little sums to buy some useful household things. I searched all over the liberated zones for the deaf that had remained during the four years of German occupation, and that were sometimes even more to be pitied than the refugees. I discovered another hundred of them, and did my best to help and comfort them also. Among them, I was fortunate enough to find Zelig Dereine, the old Belgian woman who had been, without knowing it, the means of accomplishing so much good. Having lost her companions in their frantic escape, she had returned to her invaded village in Belgium, and had lived there among all sorts of dangers and deprivations, devoting herself to nurse the little girl who had been confided to her, and denying herself many things that her charge might not suffer. Dear Zelig! The whole story, when I told it to her, seemed to her almost a fairy tale; and, since then, she is quite proud because I call her “my first sister of the war!”

Although hostilities have ceased for so long, the liberated zones are still in a most desolate state, and many deaf refugees, returned there have still to live in barracks. I help the more needy of them, and my war budget is now much over 12,000 francs; for faithful Miss Wilson, of Brisbane, very kindly continues to collect among her local deaf for my fund, so that last winter (1921-2) I was able to send to 60 needy deaf and deaf-blind, refugee, or specially afflicted, the value of 577 francs of good and solid wool, of which they have knitted for themselves stockings, shawls comforters, etc. The American deaf, through the Rev. Mr. Smielau, of Pennsylvania, deposited in the savings bank in the form of ten sums of 25 have lately sent me also for my work 250 francs, which I francs each for the benefit of ten very poor war orphans, boys and girls, most of them from invaded zones.

My long endeavour has not been left unrecognised. In 1920, the French Societe Nationale d'Encouragement au bien, offered me a Medal of Honor “for devotion to mankind.” And an even sweeter acknowledgment came to me when the Deaf of Liege and their friends, anxious to show their gratitude, wrote to the King what I had done for them, and expressed the wish that I might be rewarded. As a consequence, in 1921, King Albert sent to me the Medal of Queen Elizabeth, “for devotion in war work.”

Both honors, of course, were precious to me, but above all I am so very thankful to have been able, owing to the generosity of my helpers, rich and poor, to do something useful and good during the years of trial—so very thankful to have relieved some little the sufferings and the great loneliness of my afflicted sisters and brothers! As long as I live I hope, God willing, to continue to seize every opportunity to realize, in my own humble way, the beautiful motto of St. John of Beverley:

“WITH THE LORD'S HELP, TO DO ALL IN MY POWER TO
PROMOTE UNITY AND GOOD FELLOWSHIP AMONG THE DEAF!”

YVONNE PITROIS.

ROYAU (FRANCE),

September, 1922.

THE BRITISH DEAF AND THE WAR

An Editorial Note to Miss Pitrois's Article

During the recent Great War (1914-18), many of our Deaf tried to enlist in H. M. Forces, and two or three cases succeeded. One man actually went "over the top" before they found out that he was deaf.

Many other deaf, both rich and poor, worked in munition factories, formed volunteer corps, and brought pressure to bear on H. M. Government to arrange lip-reading classes, etc., for deafened soldiers.

Through the practical interest of the Rev. J. W. Luce, of St. Nicholas's Gloucester, a party of Belgian deaf refugees was taken in free at Exeter School for the Deaf, where the mother was put on the domestic staff and the two children were educated free. We believe more than one other School helped in like manner; and several Schools did valuable Red Cross hospital work. One School raised a large sum by the sale of material, etc., made for our soldiers.

A few of the Deaf, however, lost their lives through not hearing the challenges of sentries when passing them on their road to church, etc.

Altogether, the patriotism of the Deaf was a great example to the whole country. One scout did important sentry work at the outset of the war. Others did very special and secret work in aircraft factories. Yet another volunteered for munition work and was accepted after travelling from British Columbia. Many deaf families, of course, received soldiers into their homes as billeted guests, just as their hearing neighbours did; and, indeed, our deaf took every possible opportunity of being of use.

At the close of the war a representative party of eight leading deaf and hearing workers for the deaf visited the Lille district at the invitation of the French deaf, and saw for themselves the state of the war area. They left London on Saturday, 6th September, 1919, and spent Ephphatha Sunday at Lille, going in procession with their French comrades to the cemetery, where they laid a wreath at the foot of the monument erected to the Allied soldiers; after which they attended a banquet and fete arranged in their honor.

The next day the visitors were taken a hundred-mile drive around the Front in that area, and saw the devastation at close quarters; and on the last day they visited the famous School for the Deaf of Lille, now but the outer shell of what had been one of the most modern schools for the deaf in France. The return to England was made by way of Amiens and Calais.

His trip was of historical importance to the Guild of St. John of Beverly, for it gave occasion for the formation of a French Branch: thus the Guild became International, and a scroll (decorated free through the kindness of Colonel Godfrey Norbury, of Derby) was presented to the French before setting out for the cemetery. It was also from the procession in which the party joined that the idea of the new Guild banner was conceived. We feel convinced that the tour made all realize the horrors of war in a way nothing else could have done.

We feel sure readers of Mlle. Pitrois's article will be glad to know that she has been decorated with a high Belgian Order by the Queen of the Belgians for the splendid war service that she carried out on behalf of that unlucky but brave little country.

We should like to note in conclusion that a leading deaf French man of letters was entrusted by the French Government with the task of revising the proof of the Peace Treaty.—*From a Pamphlet published by Mr. Selwyn Oxley, Hon. Sec., Guild of St. John of Beverly, Kensington, England.*

As lords their labourers' hire delay,
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt, and names a sum.

—Redgauntlet.



DECLENE KATHLYN SCHULTE
Daughter of Philip J. and Lily (Norman) Schulte, of St. Louis, Mo.



MRS. GEORGE F. FLICK A. L. PACH PHOTO.
Wife of the Reverend Gentleman of that name of Chicago, Illinois.

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GALLAUDET COLLEGE

By MARGARET E. JACKSON



REETINGS from the Greeners! May the New Year bring prosperity to all!

No sooner had the examinations for the first term of the collegiate year been completed than the Christmas holidays commenced. Christmas bells chimed everywhere. The buoyancy of the Yuletide spirit was obvious. The program of social events for the holidays was very much varied in its attractions.

Quite a number of members of the faculty and students departed early for home to spend the holidays. Among the members of the faculty who spent the holidays with their parents in South Carolina and Pennsylvania respectively, were Miss Grace D. Coleman, dean of the young women, and Miss Cornelia Rauch, instructor in gymnastics and teacher of domestic science. Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, and several points in Maryland and Virginia were the destinations of the students.

During the holidays, young men were privileged to escort young women to the theatres in parties, accompanied by approved chaperons. Several splendid theatre bills such as "The Covered Wagon," "Rosita," "Boy of Mine," and "Lucretia Lombardi," afforded much pleasure.

Good Old Kris Kringle made a flying trip down to Washington and left at the city post-office a mountain of presents and holiday mail that made necessary extra trucks to transport it to the Green. Not a soul, unfortunate enough to be away from the holidays, was overlooked. As is the custom, on Christmas morning at five-thirty, Santa Claus, impersonated by Miss Emma Sandberg, '25, gently aroused the Co-eds from the thread of their dreams. The excited Co-eds gathered around the warm fire-place down in the Reading-Room. All packages hitherto hidden under lock and key by the Jollity Club were now displayed about a prettily-decorated Christmas tree. On the tree hung candy canes intended for each fair member of the Preparatory Class. The writer regrets to say that no such tremendous excitement as was manifested by the Co-eds was also shown by the residents of College Hall.

On Christmas Eve, under the joint auspices of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, a party was given in the Chapel for the benefit of those who remained at college during the Yuletide season. A tree obtained for the occasion was brilliantly decorated with the usual tinsels and bells and lighted with colored electric bulbs. Miss Weirona Edwards, '25, disguised as a school girl, sang "Twas the Night Before Christmas," in graceful signs. Then Mr. Nathan Lahn, '24, dressed as Santa Claus, remembered every one with a humorous present.

On the evening of December 26, the young men and the young women strove for superiority in a theatrical contest. The contest is held annually about New Years. First the boys gave a farcical comedy with a patient consulting with a dozen doctors. Then a clever burlesque band entertained under the dual leadership of Mr. Luther Shibley, '27, and Mr. Nathan Lahn, '24. The band was so highly applauded that an encore was demanded. The girls presented a fantasy of the four seasons of the year. The dancers were Misses Mable Johnson, P.C., Winter; Ruth Price, P.C., as Spring; Edythe Czubun, '27, as Summer; Parker, P. C., as Fall. Then Misses Emma Sandberg, '25, as a Yama Yama girl and Estelle Cadwell, '27, as Topsy were additional dancers in the fantasy. Although the girls' play was artistic the antics of the band won the favor of the judges. The judges were the Messrs. Tietelbaum, '23, Carl Maczkowski, '23, and Henry J. Pulver, '17, and the

Misses Edith Nelson and Margaret Wafter.

In consequence of their failure in the competition, the Co-eds gave a treat on December 29th. Card-playing was engaged in. By the way, an epidemic in form of the fad for "500" has lately been persistent among the students, though Mah Jong has been much talked of, but as yet not indulged in. The treat consisted of ice cream and fancy cakes.

Friday evening, December 28, Dr. and Mrs. Percival Hall entertained the members of all the classes, except the Preparatory Class, at an informal party at their home. This was indeed one of the most enjoyable social events of the year. Several original and amusing games were played. Prizes were awarded to the winners of the games. Refreshments were served in cafeteria style. All went home pleasant and happy after the delightful evening and pronounced Dr. and Mrs. Hall the best of hosts and hostesses.

On New Year's Eve card tables were set for players at the Watch Party held in the chapel from ten to twelve o'clock. Afterwards an impromptu play "The Leap Year Proposal," was given. Mrs. Henry Austin, Miss Mary Dobson, '25, and the Messrs. Kelly Stevens, '20, and Charles Dobbins, '21, Harland Markel, '24, Albert Rose, '27, and Peter Steward, P. C., participated in the play. The members of the Senior Class, following the old college custom, climbed the flight of stairs to the tower and greeted the New Year with twenty-four tolls. At the stroke of twelve an exchange of Happy New Year greetings was mingled with a shower of confetti.

On New Year's Day the Co-eds were hostesses at an "open-house" reception held in their reading room from ten to twelve in the morning. The members of the faculty and the men students were their guests. Misses Grace D. Coleman, Edith Nelson, Cornelia Rauch, and Margaret Wafter were in the receiving line.

On December 27, as suddenly as it had begun, the Yuletide season ended. The studies were resumed immediately for the second term of the collegiate year.

Recently Professor Elizabeth Peet entertained the cabinet officers of the Young Women's Christian Association at her up-town apartment. Miss Ida Montgomery, who has for many years been living with Miss Peet, and Mrs. Herbert E. Day is in her third year as President of the Young Women's Christian



GALLAUDET COLLEGE CO-EDS FALL TERM, '88
Standing, left to right—Ida Sartain, '93; Maggie McGinnis, '93; Agatha Tiegell, '93; Alto Lawman, '92. Sitting—Ella Rudd, '92; Rosa Halpen, '92; Georgia Elliott, '93; Lulu Herdman, '93.

Association of Washington, and is the wife of our good Professor in English, Herbert E. Day. Dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

During the holidays the Green was a temporary rendezvous for several visitors from outside. Mr. Kelly H. Stevens, '20, and Mr. Charles Dobbins, '21, unpacked Trenton news from their portmanteaux. Mr. Joseph Bouchard, '21, shook off Hartford dust from his suit. The Rev. Mr. Henry J. Pulver, '17, and Mrs. Henry Austin, both of Washington, attended several college socials.

Saturday evening, January 5th, the O. W. L. S. held their first literary meeting for the second term in the Girls Reading Room. Miss Edith M. Nelson, professor of Latin and college librarian, was the principal speaker. She gave an interesting talk on "Luther Burbank and His Work," which greatly opened the eyes of those who were not very familiar with the subject. Miss Tillie Makowski '25, outdid her competitors, the Misses Ethel Newman, '26, and Edythe Ozbun, '27, in a story contest. A dialogue: "The Wandering Maids" was given by the Misses Fern Newton, '27, and Lillian McFarland '27. A declamation: "The First Snow-Fall," was gracefully signed by Miss Oleta Brothers, '27.

Sunday evening, January 6th at the Y. W. C. A. the members were honored with the presence of Miss Edith Nelson Thurston. This delightful speaker is a well known writer, having contributed stories to the *Youth's Companion* and several other magazines. Her talk at the meeting left a vivid impression on the minds of those who were present.

Almost immediately after the beginning of the second term, the basket-ball season opened. Severe practice began on both the young men's, and the young women's teams.

The Buff and Blue has turned out a formidable one, very ably backed by Captain John Boatwright, '24. Besides Captain Boatwright, Robert Bradley, '26, Louis Pucci, '26, Freeman Davis, '27, and William Riddle, P. C. are on the floor, coached by Mr. Frederick Hughes. The athletic atmosphere is more noticeable than ever. The animation of these players is still retained as a result of the splendid record on the foot-ball grid-iron last fall. The Buff and Blue trounced the Old Dominion Club at home on January 5, the Fort Humphries engineers at home on January 12, Randolph Macom at home on January 18, Maryland University at College Park, on January 23, and Loyola College at Baltimore on January 26. The team won

victories from all these colleges, successively, with the exception that it surrendered to Maryland University by the score of 42-28.

Dame Fortune has been rather hard with the Co-ed's team, though the players certainly have been doing their best. The Sextets were defeated successively by Wilson Normal School away on January 12, by George Washington University at home on January 19, and by National Park Seminary at Forest Glen, Md., on January 26.

Miss Emma Sandberg, '25, is captain of the team, Miss Margaret Jackson, '25, manager, and Mr. Leonard Elstaad, coach.

Washington has suffered fifty-seven varieties of weather. No one predicted such sudden changes as have happened within a very short time. As a result, a slight epidemic of grippé broke out, but fortunately there was no serious cases. Recently while the thermometer registered four degrees above zero, several students enjoyed ice-skating on the reflecting pool of the Lincoln Memorial.

En route to the Conference of Superintendents of the American Schools for the Deaf at St. Augustine, Fla., several superintendents stopped at Kendall Green to greet their former pupils. Among them were Mr. Alvin E. Pope, of New Jersey, Dr. A. L. E. Crouter, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Thomas McAloney, of Colorado.

Dr. Perival Hall and Mr. Irving Fusfield, assistant professor of English and History were absent from the Green for several days to attend the Conference in Florida.

Sunday, January 27, the Young Men's Christian Association took charge of the afternoon chapel service. Mr. Birney Wright '27, opened the meeting with a prayer. "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung by Mr. Robert Marsden, '27. Then Dr. Albert Putney, counselor in law to Persian Legation and dean of law school in American University, delivered a subject on "Czecho-Slovakia." It was enlightening to the students, who most of them, were quite ignorant of the little republic.

Recently the members of the Preparatory Class were initiated for half-membership to the O. W. L. S. They are the Misses Kathryn Anthony, Mabel Armstrong, Lillian Bainer, Thelma Callahan, Dorothy Clark, Mabel Dougan, Lucille Du Bose, Gladys Hansen, Ruth Holland, Mabel Johnson, Miram Kelly, Mary Klech, Alice McVan, Bertha Mulhern, Marie Parker, Cora Phillips, Ruth Price, Ethel Strode, Emila Sturn, Vera Tirney and Kikue Ukai.



JERSEY CITY DIVISION NO. 91, N. F. S. D. BANQUET AT GUFFANTI INN, BRIGHTON BEACH, JAN. 12, 1924. A. L. PACH PHOTO.

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Church Work in Missouri

The Rev. Dr. Cloud is at the top of the list of the clergy, resident and active, in Missouri. Thirty-two years Dr. Cloud was principal of Gallaudet (Public Day) School for the Deaf in St. Louis. At our request he last year gave up his secular work to devote himself wholly to the spiritual care of the deaf of St. Thomas' Mission, St. Louis and of Ephphatha Mission St. Louis, a new mission for the deaf, only a year old. The rector and vestry of All Saints kindly provide a chapel for Ephphatha. The report is most encouraging. Services are held on Sunday afternoons for the most part. There have been four adult baptisms and I have confirmed a class of nine. By requests of the Bishops of Colorado, Nebraska, and West Missouri, and under a business agreement with our Department of Mission, Dr. Cloud is special missionary to the deaf in those three dioceses; and I have appreciative letters telling me how splendid is his spiritual influence and warmly he is loved.—
From the Convention address of the Bishop of Missouri.

Ordination of a Deaf-Mute

At Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, Ohio Sunday January 27th, there was an ordination service attended by a large number of deaf mutes, at which the Bishop of the Diocese, the Rt. Rev. W. A. Leonard, D.D., ordered Mr. Collins Stone Sawhill to the diaconate. The candidate is deaf, and has served St. Agnes Mission for the Deaf, as lay reader for several years. The Rev. C. W. Charles, Missionary to the deaf in Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana, presented the candidate, and the Rev. Geo. F. Flick, pastor of all Angels' Church for the Deaf, Chicago, preached.

There have been twenty deaf men ordained into the Church's ministry since 1876. Four of them have since died and two have retired. Dr. Olof Hanson, an architect of Seattle, Wash., is awaiting ordination at an early date. His field will be the northern Pacific dioceses.

St. Angles' Mission for the Deaf, Cleveland, has a building fund of nearly four thousand dollars, and is endeavoring to raise more shortly, to secure a much needed Church home of its own. Cleveland has a large deaf-mute population.—*The Living Church.*

To the foregoing it may be added that Mr. Homer E. Grace, a graduate of Kansas School and of Gallaudet, is studying for the ministry at St. John's College, Greeley, Colo., an Episcopal theological training institution, and will be ready for ordination in a few months. His prospective field is Colorado and adjoining dioceses with head-quarters at Denver.

The **Buff and Blue**

a college magazine

Published by the Undergraduates
of

Gallaudet College

*The only college for the Deaf
in the world*

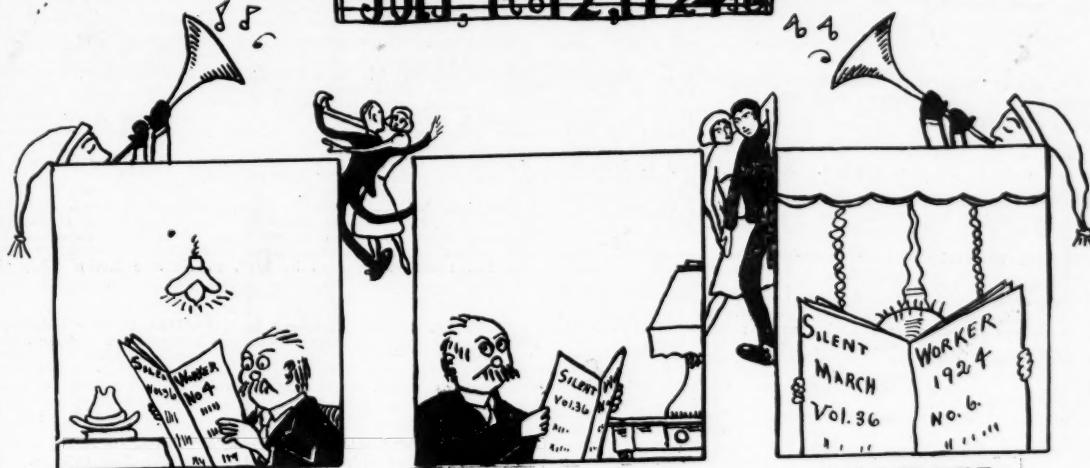
The Buff and Blue is a literary publication containing short stories, essays, and verse, contributed by students and Alumni. The Athletics, Alumni and Local departments and the Kappa Gamma Fraternity notes are of great interest to those following Gallaudet activities.

Every deaf person should be a reader of the Buff and Blue. Subscription \$1.50 a year.

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Who's Who in the Deaf World

Names will be printed alphabetically as they come from month to month and when completed the list will be turned over to a National Committee who will recommend such persons as deserve of a place in the WHO'S WHO book which we are planning to publish in the near future. We hope those who have failed to furnish us with data about themselves will not delay any longer than can be helped. If your name is omitted it will not be our fault. We wish to be informed of any error discovered in the list in this magazine so that we can make the corrections for the book.

LOEB, HARDIN WOLF. Born November 3, 1874, at Huntsville, Randolph Co., Mo. Box maker, with Inman Box Factory, Kansas City, Mo. Lives at 3403 Garner Ave., Kansas City, Mo. Cannot speak or lip read; signs. Attended Missouri School for the Deaf, Fulton. Member National Fraternal Society of the Deaf; Missouri Association of the Deaf; Alumni Association of the Missouri School. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married January 2, 1904, to Irene Yeager (deaf). Has one hearing child. Wife was educated at the Missouri School for the Deaf. She has a deaf brother and sister. Has been a leading figure among the deaf of Kansas City; leader in frat. work. Has been box-making for 26 years.

RITCHIE, EDWIN C. Born at Mohu's Hill, near Reading, Pa., Oct. 28, 1895. Lost hearing at age of 7, from scarlet fever. Graduated Pennsylvania Institute for the Deaf, Mt. Airy, Phila., Pa. in 1913. Excellent speaker; fair lip-reader; good sign-maker. Printer by trade. Employed as pressman and compositor for five years, then became linotype operator for following papers; Kutztown, Pa., Journal (Weekly); Pottstown, Pa., News, (Daily); Harrisburg, Pa., Patriot (Daily); and at present is with the Reading Eagle Co., Reading, Pa., on job and newspaper work. Member of N.F.S.D., P.S.-A.D., Alumni Association and International Typographical Union. Secretary Reading Division No. 54, N.H. 5. Married Miss Helen G. Wink, of Reading, (deaf) January, 1919. No deaf relatives.

SNYDER, R. RAY. Born May 15th, 1898, in Northampton, Penna. became deaf at age of nine from scarlet fever. Totally deaf. Excellent speaker, good lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended Pennsylvania Institute for Deaf for seven years and left school two years before commencement. Took two years cabinet-making course and finished in a little more than a year. Six months later undertook to teach another deaf mute the trade and succeeded in his task in another six months. For two years worked for different employers in an attempt to get a chance for something better only to be laid off during the period of suspension. After ten months got a job as cabinet-maker in a new place and once more set out to make good. Chance came after a year and a half when the only spindle-carver in the factory caught cold and Mr. Snyder was given a chance with a number of hearing men to operate the machine. Since no one knew anything about the work, the only way to get results was by experiments and Mr. Snyder won out and is now an expert spindle-carver and one of the highest paid men in the factory. On June 21st, 1919, he was married to Miss Frances A. Neff, of Slatington, Penna. She became deaf a few months after birth. Is a member of P.I.D. Alumni. President of the Lehigh Valley Local branch of the P.S.A.D. President. Allentown Church Mission for the Deaf. Fraternal Order of Reindeer, and teaches Bible-Class to the deaf of Allentown in preparation to take up Lay-Reading in the near future. Is interested in literary work.

WARD, FRED E. Born July 7, 1870, at Prairie City, Iowa. Home address 1262 Eighth Avenue North, Fort Dodge, Iowa. Can speak, fair lip-reader, fair sign-maker. Attended Council Bluffs school and Gallaudet. Lost hearing at the age of four from spinal meningitis fever. Member N. A. D., I. A. D., Frats, Chamber of Commerce and the Retailers' Bureau of Fort Dodge. Owns a printing plant. Married December, 1895, to Grace Galt of Traer, Iowa. (deaf.) Has two hearing children. No deaf relatives.


WYLIE, ROLFE ALTON. Born, 1885, at Prescott, Ark. Proprietor shoe repair shop at Prescott. Cannot read lips or speak; signs. Attended Arkansas School for the Deaf, Little Rock, Arkansas, 1895-1908. Member Arkansas Association of the Deaf. Born deaf (partial). No deaf relatives. Married in 1912, to Noewise Lorio. They have two children, both hearing. Was expert hier in lumber mill for several years prior to setting up shoe shop.

ZELENY, EDDIE O. Born Sept. 20, 1883, at New Orleans, La. Works for Brooklyn Cooperage Co., at Chalmette, La. Home address: 424 Burgundy St. Poor speaker and lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended Chinchuba School for the Deaf and Louisiana School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge, La. Member N. F. S. D., St. Ignatus Daughters Circle. Lost hearing at 18 months from spasms (total). No deaf relatives. Married Feb. 1912, to Lizzie Mischler (deaf).

ZIMMERMAN, ANTHONY JOSEPH. Born, 1882, at New Orleans, La. Baker with Henry Weil Baking Co, New Orleans. Home address: 317 Adams St. Cannot speak or lip-read; signs. Attended School for the Deaf, Baton Rouge, La. Member New Orleans Division No. 33 National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. Born deaf, (total). No deaf relatives. Married in 1912, to Noewise Lorio. They have four hearing children.

ZIMMERMAN, NOEMIE LORIO. Born Oct. 21, 1886, at Bayou Goula, La. Home address: 317 Adam St. Fair speaker and lip-reader; excellent sign-maker. Attended the School for the Deaf at Baton Rouge, La., 1900. Born deaf (total). No deaf relatives. Married January 24, 1912, to Anthony Zimmerman (deaf). Has four hearing children.

ZIMPFER, JOHN MIKE. Born Dec. 15, 1861, at Anna, Ohio. Carpenter and Finisher at Sidney, Ohio, his home town. Fair speaker, lip-reader and sign-maker. Attended Columbus, Ohio School for the Deaf, 1875-1878. Member Mutual, Sidney, Ohio; Aid Society, Piqua, Ohio. Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association. Lost hearing at eight from brain fever (total). No deaf relatives. Married 1894, to Susie E. Morrison (deaf). Has one hearing child. His wife has a deaf brother.



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THE DEAF WORLD

Compiled by Kelly Stevens

Eddie Brinkman, of Bemidji, Minnesota, is in the theatrical business with his father who owns three theatres.

Many deaf people visit the Yosemite National Park and Tahoe Lake since they have owned autos and have taken others with them out into the country. Some of the deaf in Utah visit the Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks this way.

Oregon and Washington are not behind as far as the Mt. Rainier National Park, the Columbia River Highway and Crater Lake are concerned. Auto-traveling is a great pastime with the deaf.—*Cal. News.*

A number of visitors have at times helped themselves to flowers in our gardens. So we have put here and there in prominent places boards with the printed labels "Do not pick the flowers." Some time ago two pupils of Miss Nourse's juvenile class happened to notice one of the labels. They appeared puzzled. In fact they did not know what the word *pick* meant; they said that it was an error and it must be intended for *kick*. So they agreed that it meant that they must not kick the flowers. Then they picked some of the flowers and went their way with a good conscience.—*Cal. News.*

The Oakland Silent Athletic Club has moved to new quarters on Twelfth street, not far from Oakland's leading hotel. The entire third floor of the building has been leased for a period of three years. It was a big room, but the talent among the artist and artisan members of the club was invoked and the result is a fine arrangement of rooms, booths, etc. There is a lounging room, office, billiard room, refreshment and tobacco booth, smoking room, and a hall that may be used for dances and banquets. The membership is growing and includes the bay cities and other cities far up and down the coast and inland. A few set of laws is about to be adopted to govern the organization.—*Cal. News.*

Once, about twenty years ago, General Sherman, with his wife and daughter, paid a visit to the New York Institution, at Washington Heights. After he had left, one of the pupils was asked to describe the personal appearance of the general. He stepped to the blackboard and dashed off this sentence, "General Sherman is a great blockhead." His teacher was shocked at such disrespect to a great man but the boy explained that he meant only to remark upon the general's protuberant forehead.

Another pupil in the same class was writing from memory a chapter from the New Testament in which was the verse: "And the same John had * * * * *

leathern girdle about his loins," but she wrote it "a leathern griddle." When her attention was called to this mistake, she defended her version of the text and explained it by reference to the next verse, which reads: "And his meat was locusts and wild honey." She said that the griddle was to fry the locusts on, and the honey to eat with them.—*From the Silent World, 1889.*

It is not generally known that Dr. E. M. Galladuet, when a young man, had planned to go to China as a missionary to the deaf. His mother was to accompany him, and their trunks had actually been packed for the long journey. Then came the news that a half-crazed Christian zealot named Tai Ping had caused an uprising, which had for its object the over-throw of the government. This change of affairs naturally caused them to forego the trip, hence the loss to China was America's gain. Those now actively connected with the education of the deaf in China have, through written appeal, made an effort to remind the Alumni how an ill wind blew to their great advantage. The Ohio Chapter has been quick to respond to this appeal by setting about to build up a fund to be used in furthering the good work now being done for the Chinese deaf. It is hoped that other Chapters will feel inclined to lend their support.—*The Buff and Blue.*

Lon Chaney's success upon the silver screen is due to the most unique training ever given a motion picture player.

The magnificent pantomimic art, which Chaney uses in his character of "Serafin," in Sam Wood's newest production, "The New Corner," is the result of a training, which began soon after he was born.

Both Lon Chaney's parents were deaf mutes. Perfectly normal in every other way, with particularly bright minds, the father and mother taught their children to talk with their hands. In addition to the deaf and dumb alphabet, the family developed a language whereby they expressed a whole series of thoughts and ideas with a few gestures.

Trained from childhood in the art of pantomimic suggestion, Chaney found his life's work before the motion picture camera. His easy facility of gesture soon made him one of the foremost players in the silent drama. In addition to his ability to suggest ideas by expression and gesture, Chaney soon became noted for the vast variety of facial makeups which he devised. So many were these that few of the millions who have seen him on the silver screen have ever seen his own features. They know Chaney as a gifted player, who hides his true self behind a

long procession of character makeups.

"In The Next Corner," he plays for the first time in nine years with practically no makeup. Featured in this picture are Conway Tearle, Lon Chaney, Dorothy Mackaill, Ricardo Coretz and Louise Dresser.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A WELSH HERO

Charles Pain, of the Manchester Arms, Menai Bridge, has been presented by Mr. John Edwards, chairman of the local Urban Council, with an illuminated address, the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society, and £3 in recognition of his bravery in rescuing from drowning off the Menai Bridge Pier, on June 28th last, the young daughter of Mr. John Owen, Greenbank, Menai Bridge.

Councilor Captain Davies said Pain's act spoke well for his swimming powers.

It transpired that this was Pain's fourth rescue of persons from drowning, two of them at Menai Bridge. Pain, who is deaf and dumb, handed in a written acknowledgment of the presentation, and also expressed his thanks briefly by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet.—*British Deaf Times.*

SAFELY ACROSS THE PACIFIC

A letter from Mr. Ziao Fong Hsia, written on ship-board and mailed at Yokohama, Japan, has been received by Mr. Anderson. Mr. Hsia writes that they had a very trying passage due to storms, and that their arrival at Yokohama was delayed two days. He said that all Yokohama was in ruins, and he was undecided whether to get off the ship for a short visit there as originally planned. The letter was postmarked December 16. As Mr. Hsia left Seattle on November 27, he was 19 days crossing the Pacific. He had planned to arrive home in Ningpo on Christmas Eve.

It must be mentioned that Mr. Hsia commended very highly the western people who entertained him at the various places he visited. His trip from Rochester to Seattle was one highly satisfactory experience to him.—*Iowa Hawkeye.*

DEAF MAN'S BRAVE ACT.

A THAMES RESCUE.

On Saturday, August 25th, James Herbert Roxburg, who is on the photographic staff of Messrs. Boot, Stamford Street, London, was returning from work about 12-30 mid-day, when he noticed a crowd of people gazing excitedly into the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge. Hastening to the spot, he saw a boy struggling in the water. Rushing down the steps, and stopping only to divest himself of coat and hat, he dived for the drowning lad, and, reaching him, threw his left arm

under his armlets, thus raising his head well above water. He swam back to the place from which he had dived with his unconscious burden, carried him up the stairs, and himself administered artificial respiration.

The rescue was entirely unassisted, and the tide was running up very strongly at the time.

Although another man failed to reach the lad before he had been brought ashore, he assisted in the effort to revive him, which was successful, and the seven-year-old boy (son of an ex-soldier) was taken home by his parents. The rescue was witnessed from the Bridge by five of the rescuer's fellow-workers, whose evidence and full particulars have been forwarded to the Royal Humane Society.

—*British Deaf Times*.

NEW AID FOR THE DEAF.

A new aid for the deaf that is so efficient that it makes the atmosphere audible is one of the most remarkable features of the annual exhibition of the physical and optical societies which opened on Wednesday at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington. The new invention is not dependent on the ear-drum. Even deaf persons whose ear-drums have been destroyed can hear with its aid.

"Some people of normal hearing can hear when their ears are stopped by placing the ear-piece against their elbows or wrist," Mr. G. Burrows, a director of Marconi's, informed the "Westminster Gazette." "The sound is not transmitted by a microphone in the usual manner, but by the vibrations of a small movable knob which projects out of the ear-piece. The amplification is obtained by using wireless dull-emitter valves."

The entire apparatus is contained in a small attache case.

The exhibition is full of wireless inventions, two of the most interesting being a machine for writing Morse code at 650 words a minute, and a valve which can be used for receiving or transmitting wireless signals.—*Ireland newspaper*.

DEAF-MUTE HAS RIGHT TO DRIVE AUTOMOBILE

The fact that a deaf-mute may drive a motor car if he pleases was brought out Thursday when Judge W. Meredith Yeatman, in Municipal court, was compelled to revoke his suspension of the right of George Thole, chauffeur, to drive. Thole, a deaf-mute, is employed by Abe Furst, of Glenwood avenue and Reading road, and he was cited to court several days ago on the charge of violating a traffic law.

When the case came up, Judge Yeatman suspended the deaf-mute's right to drive. On appeal for new trial made by Thole's attorney, Murray Seasongood, it was discovered that the law gives any one who has attained the age of sixteen or more years the right to drives, irrespective of infirmities.

"That is the sole physical requirement under the law," said Judge Yeatman, as he reversed his own decision. "It presents a situation that is shocking. Every one above sixteen years of age may drive; not only the deaf and dumb, but the insane, the feeble-minded and the idiot. The court can not legislate. That duty is for the Legislature and the City Council." Attorney Seasongood said that he agreed with Judge Yeatman that

laws requiring greater requirements than at present be passed.—*Cincinnati Times Star*.

The above clipping explains itself. Judge Yeatman, no doubt, is not acquainted with the facts, otherwise he would not have expressed himself as he did. We have always contended right along that deafness is no bar to owning and driving an automobile. In fact, the committees appointed by societies of the deaf in several large towns have made inquiries into the court records about automobile accidents, which involved deaf drivers, but can find no evidence that tends to disqualify the deaf as drivers. These committees have further supplemented these inquiries into the court records by inquires of deaf automobile owners and can find no evidence against them. Of course, several have figured in smash-ups but through no fault of theirs. In fact the other parties were willing to settle and settle out of court.

We have in mind one accident that came to our notice. A deaf driver was out with his car after dark and going at a moderate speed. When he came to a cross road, he slowed down and seeing, he drove across, but as he was in the middle of the crossing, an automobile shot out of the darkness hitting this deaf man's car squarely in the middle and turning it over into the ditch. Fortunately no one was hurt. Now this offending car had no lights on and more the driver was exceeding the speed limit. However, this case was settled out of court, the offending driver paying the cost the damage.

The Columbus Automobile Club took the matter up and settled it in favor of the deaf man.

Several like cases can be cited to show that when an accident really happens with a deaf driver involved, the fault is on the other side.

We know several deaf automobile owners, who have driven their cars thousands of miles, passing on the principal thoroughfares without any mishaps and responding easily to the orders of the traffic officers without the latter, in the least, suspecting that deaf people were driving.

The Columbus deaf are compiling data of accidents and hope to prove that the percentage of accidents involving deaf drivers is far below the average automobile accidents. Later we hope to be able to wield these facts into a power that will redound to our advantage. We will then be able to put facts at the disposal of officials like Judge Yeatman so they can have some base for their decisions.—*Ohio Chronicle*.

ONE FRANKFORT FOLK CALLED ON \$5 FROM JINGLE MAN

Predictions freely made in Frankfort Monday that the Jingle Man would not travel very far there that night before he separated himself from the two \$5 bills he carried, for Frankfort folks were fulfilled for it took him less than 15 minutes to find the two members of the Jingle Family there.

Walter E. Brown of 120 Pleasant Avenue, the first individual to respond to the Jingle Man's call qualified easily as did Mrs. Jane Smith of 117 E. Main street, the second one called upon. From what I heard in the little neighbor village during my visit, members of the Jingle

family would be found almost any place, I stopped for the newsdealer reports that there was hardly a family but was waiting for me with a copy of Sunday's Observer-Dispatch comic section.

A last minute decision led me to take the trolley to Frankfort when I started out on my question. I had planned to take the trolley, but upon recalling that sometimes the old bus kicks up a fuss, balks and refuse to do its master's bidding, I changed my mind for I didn't have my 1924 license plates and wasn't going to take the chance of getting stuck on the road with the old ones for 1924 was then but a few hours away.

It didn't take the trolley long to span the distance between here and Frankfort and 7 o'clock found me wending my way down Pleasant street. Three or four people passed me and in each instance eyed me with suspicion. Thought I to myself, thought I, there's no fooling these Frankfort folks. Then I began looking for the scene of my first operations. And I looked. I noticed that from the window of almost every house, someone was peering out at me.

Having determined to make a call on this street regardless of the consequences, I approached 120. When I rang the door-bell, a young man, pad and pencil in hand, responded. As I began to ask my usual question, he mentioned that he was deaf and put the pad and pencil in my hand. There we carried on our conversation.

When I wrote the question: "Are You Mr. Jingle?" he looked over my shoulder and by the light from a street lamp saw what I was up to. Hardly had I drawn the question mark when he shoved a copy of Sunday's comic section in front of me and shook his head in affirmative. To make it more emphatic he grabbed the pad and wrote "yes" in great big letters.

Here is a funny one. A deaf and dumb man hears me approach his door and heard me ring the bell. There was a mystery here, I reflected and determined to find out all about it asked how he knew I was at his doorstep. "Watching for you," was his reply. He thanked me profusely and said he was a regular reader of The Observer-Dispatch.—*By the Jingle Man*.

LT.-GOV. AIKINS SPEAKS AT DEAF BIBLE SERVICE

The significance of the day and what it meant to civilization, was emphasized at a unique gathering yesterday. When the Winnipeg Deaf Bible class held a special Armistice day service in the Y.M.C.A., the speaker being Lieutenant-Governor Sir James Aikins. The service opened with a prayer by D. Tomlinson and was followed by scripture readings by Thomas Rodwell, superintendent of the Manitoba School for the Deaf, and A. T. Bailey, head of the Bible class. The Apostles Creed was given by A. H. McDonald, a teacher, and readings were given by Miss K. Stinson and Miss E. Nicholson, former pupils at the school. The readings, given in signs, were. "In Flanders field," and "The American Reply," J. H. Russell, president of the Y. M. C. A., also briefly addressed the gathering and the service was closed by Rev. H. Cawley, B.A., padre of Winnipeg, "Toc H". Mrs. C. H. Macphail, of the School for the Deaf, acted as interpreter. At the close of the service, a wreath was conveyed by a committee

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and deposited on the Cenotaph, in honor of those relatives of members of the school who fell in the war.

WHAT ARMISTICE MEANT

In opening his address Sir James Aikins regretted that he was unable to communicate with his audience in the unusual form of conversation, "but you are to be congratulated," he said, "that you have had teachers who have kept you informed of world happenings. This is Armistice Day. What did it mean in November, 1918? It meant that a most disastrous war was ended. It meant that the contending armies stood still. That the enemy admitted their defeat. It meant far more than that. Prior to that day, the world, aghast, was waiting the result of the issue. Prior to that time hundreds of thousands of our citizen were in constant dread and fear, that those they loved so well, might fall in death or be wounded, maimed for life."

"It meant more," Sir James said, "because there were multitudes of people in Canada, intent that the war should not be lost, and so strained every effort and undertook heavy burdens that the army in the field might be efficient and to a certain extent comfortable. But when the news came that the enemy was willing to submit, this pall was thrown off and the intensity of muscle and nerve relaxed. The re-action was tremendous. From field and market place, from elegant mansion and humble shack, one shout of joy arose and people cried aloud, because of the relief given their feelings. The laborer threw down his tools. The business men forsook their offices and desks and joined the multitude in celebrating the event which had arisen. The enthusiasm was almost frantic."

"This is now the fifth anniversary of that day," he said. "Over Canada has come a change. Prior to the war, Canada was practically a small nation—untried. Today nations of the world recognize Canada as a young nation with increasing strength. A nation whose voice must be heard in the councils of the world and must be reckoned with. The strain is gone and Canada is entering into the reward for the energy displayed during the war. Done for the purpose of protecting the personal liberty of mankind. Protecting the sacred rights of property."

SACRIFICES NOT IN VAIN

"We learn from the war, that the splendid sacrifice made and even the sorrow of hearts, were not in vain. From out of the spirit which was dis-

played, there arises a national spirit. A true Canadian idealism, which if we follow it, will lead us into a world peace. Peace within our Empire and a peace that will endure forever. The Empire is composed of six nations of almost equal status. We recognize Britain as the senior of them all. Three of them are under the southern cross, New Zealand, Australia and South Africa, and three under the north star, Great Britain, Canada, and the last one the Irish Free State. If these nations will co-operate and work cordially for the preservation of civilization, and if all nations do not come into the League of Nations, we shall have such a league of nations within the Empire that we can say to warring world, 'Peace be still,' and over the earth will come that calm, declared by the Angels at the birth of our Savior 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.'

J. H. Russell referred briefly to the day of thanksgiving, for the harvest, and in closing assured his audience that the Y.M.C.A. was "pleased to be able to assist you by giving you these rooms for your services or in any other way we can help you."—*Manitoba Free Press*, November 12, 1923.

MR. SEELY SOLVES THE PROBLEM

Hon. Josephus Daniels, former secretary of the Navy during Woodrow Wilson's administration, and who is now editor of the *News and Observer*, of Raleigh, had the following to say in an editorial correspondence coming from Asheville, N. C., and which appeared in his paper of November 18:

"Asheville, N. C., Oct. 31.—Has Mr. Fred Seely, who has done so many things to add to the attraction of this mountain resort, solved the problem of employment for the intelligent and industrious deaf people of North Carolina? It has been a problem to find suitable employment at fair compensation for this capable element of our population. They have a real handicap in some professions and callings. Because they were less fitted for some occupation than those who speak and hear, the impression has obtained that this handicap applies to general fields industry. Dr. Goodwin, the zealous and efficient head of the School for the Deaf at Morganton, has long combatted that theory and he and his staff have been wise to train many of the deaf for the best sort of work. They are educated and left with their hands. But, in spite of the assurances of Dr. Goodwin and the excellent training of that institution (pride of the State), somehow or other enough suitable

employment has not been available. The last Legislature wisely took steps to aid these men and women, and Mr. J. M. Robertson, placed in charge of the employment bureau in Raleigh, has been able to find positions which the deaf are filling satisfactorily.

"This morning I paid a visit to the plant at Grove Park Inn which makes Biltmore hand-woven home-spuns. And the thing that at once interested me (for folks are always more compelling than things) was the fact that half a dozen of these looms were being manipulated by deaf men. They were alert, quick and seemed to understand all about the industry, though some of them had been at work there only a few weeks. I asked Mr. Seely about their work and how he had decided to introduce them inatplnhs cmfwy shrd introduce them in his plant.

"It isn't always easy" he said, "to secure enough capable and faithful men who will work steadily in this growing industry. A little while ago, when there was need of an additional force it occurred to me that there was no reason why a capable deaf man could not operate a loom as well as any man. To think was to act. So I gave a position to one. In a short time he made good. Then others were introduced, and I am mightily gratified not only with their reliability but also with the production they give from their machines. I believe here we have found an occupation that will give steady employment to those capable and worthy men, who do not always find it easy to secure work at fair wages."

"Mr. Seely went on to say that they lost no time. If one arrives ten minutes before the scheduled time to work, he does not sit down and wait for the clock," vors. That is all that is given them went on Mr. Seely, but he starts right in and does not seem to be a clock worker." He is interested in the opening of new doors to the deaf. Early in life he had close and tender association with one who had the impediment of deafness, and that makes his interest in others suffering the same handicap deep: But, while moved somewhat by sentiment, Mr. Seely carries on all his business plan. The deaf men in the 'Biltmore Homespun' plant do not ask anything but a fair chance and no favors. That is all that is given them and they are making good.

"The State has gone too much expense to educate the deaf, and all will be gratified to know that new opportunities open before them. I was talking with Mr. Seely about other work that the deaf can do as well anybody, and he spoke of the success with which they were operating Mergenthaler Linotype machines. That is the most remarkable machine ever invented. The world has not yet fully appraised the debt it owes to Mergenthaler. He lacked the business sense of Henry Ford to keep his invention in his own hands so he could be repaid in dollars for his genius. In fact, Mergenthaler was not in his later days at all connected with the company that made his typesetting machines. He was engaged in a small business manufacturing parts. In order to perfect his machine, he had been compelled to borrow much money, and the investors received the lion's share of the big money that Mergenthaler's genius made

possible. I remember the first time the late Hon. Cyrus B. Watson saw a linotype machine. I had just installed one in *The News and Observer* office, the first one to come to North Carolina. It was deemed a doubtful experiment and I had not dared to do so until Mr. L. F. Alford, the able superintendent of *The News and Observer*, had gone to Brooklyn and learned all about the critter. It was a sensation and people who came to Raleigh were more anxious to see it than a circus. One night shortly after the installation, a party of Winston-Salem lawyers, headed by Mr. Watson, visited *The News and Observer* plant and watched it pick up the matrices, carry them down to the pot, and turn out the cast line of type. After looking at it with absorbed interest, Mr. Watson said: "That is the most intelligent machine I ever saw. It has enough sense to vote and suffrage ought to be extended to it." Since then the wonderful Linotype has become essential a part of the printing business that we hardly think of the big work it has done when we pick up our morning paper.

"Mr. Seely spoke of the fact that operation of a linotype machine, like the loom here, is exactly the character of work which a deaf person can do as well as a person with all his faculties. This is true of both men and women. There is in many places now a scarcity of capable linotype operators and I do not doubt that within a few years many of the deaf will take up that occupation and make good at it.

"If you drive up the attractive winding road that brings you to Prove Park Inn, the most beautiful hotel in the world (that is the most beautiful I have seen and globe-trotters tell me the same thing), you would never imagine that a few feet away from where the wealthy hosts are dining or listening to rare music by Dr. Alderson on the Skinner organ—that just beyond the evergreens is one of the most unique and prosperous manufacturing plants in the State. Way back in 1901 when George W. Vanderbilt discovered Asheville for the rich men of the North, he started the industry at Biltmore as a little village industrial school. That school took the wool and made homespun cloth and there was also carving which won wide reputation.

"The minutes of the first meeting," says Mr. Seely, "were written in a boy-

ish hand and they were signed by Duane Champlin, secretary. Fifteen years later there stood at the entrance of the great World's Fair at San Francisco two wonderful sculptures—"Sunrise" and "Sunset." They were made by Duane Champlin, the secretary of the little Biltmore Village Industrial School, but now a great sculptor. The work of other Biltmore Industry boys and girls has won gold and silver medals, and it is safe to say that the little Industry started so many years ago, and grown now into a business of considerable proportions, is producing as fine carved work as has been known to any age, and we do not hesitate to say finer than is being produced anywhere else in the world today.

"I was interested in the homespun. Ten years ago I had an overcoat made of this hand-woven homespun and it is as good as new now, and so I had personal interest to see how the cloth is made.

That is how I ran into the fact that Mr. Seely is pioneering a way to find occupation for the deaf. I asked Mr. Seely about the hand-weaving industry, and he said:

"After Mrs. Vanderbilt saw the possibilities of the little industrial school in which she had become so interested, she decided to try to improve the methods of hand-weaving being done by the mountain people in their homes.

"The boys in the carving shops working out improvements and fitted them to the looms found here in the mountains. modern spinning machinery installed and the wool that had for so many years been prepared so crudely and woven so poorly was then brought to village, washed, dyed, carded, spun, made into warps and taken back to the cabins to be woven into perfect cloth on the looms that had been brought up to date by the Industry boys.

"Tourist who would go to view the wonderful Biltmore estate would hear of the cloths and the wood-work, and slowly the sales of the little industry grew until it became too big a business to continue under the ownership of a woman whose time was so fully occupied as Mrs. Vanderbilt's.

"She felt that the school had done its work; and as the village had grown and mountain peoples had been brought so near the modern city of Asheville with all its advantages by reason of increased transportation facilities, good roads, automobiles and the like, she could consistently turn the enterprise over to some one else who was in a position to give it room to continue to grow.

"Through all the years of the growth of the industry—from the little village school, where a few yards of homespun were produced, to its present proportions where our output runs into thousands of yards—no pains have been spared to perfect the handwork of its artisan, and it is not infrequent that we receive orders enclosing samples of homespun purchased ten, eleven and twelve years before.

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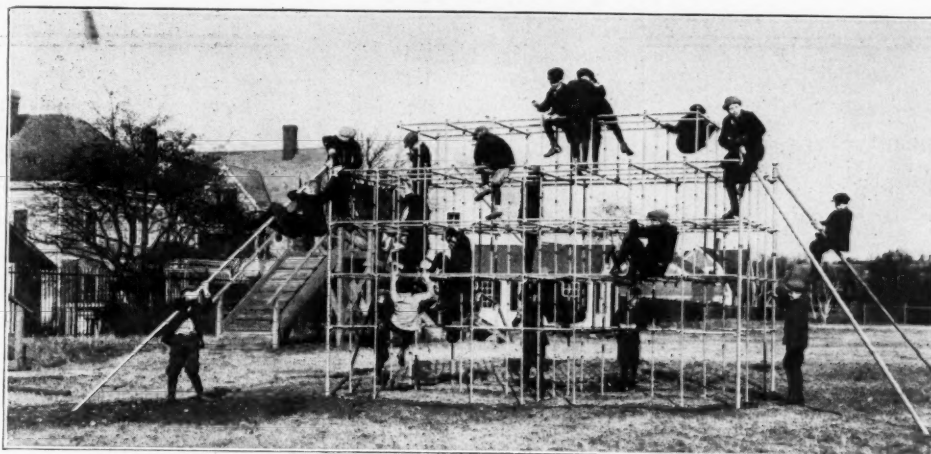
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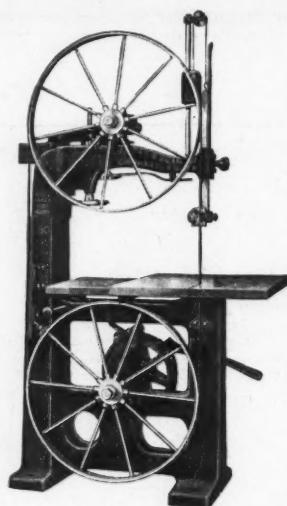
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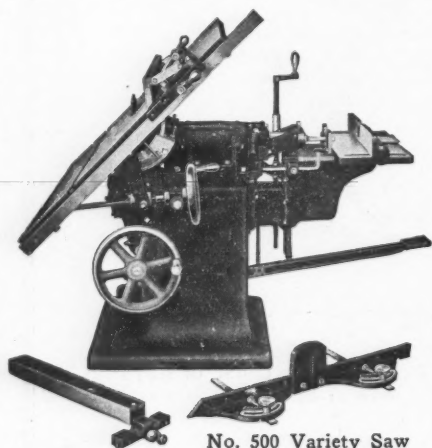
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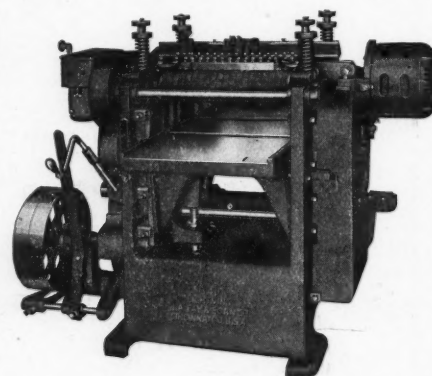
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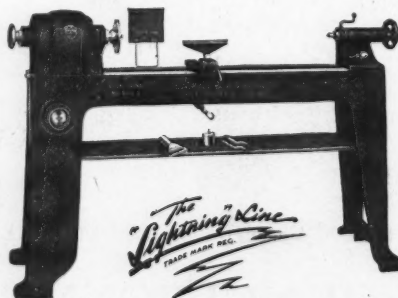
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